

The **SILENT WORKER**



April, 1928

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The Silent Worker

This MAGAZINE is always found in the homes of all up-to-date deaf and on the tables of many of their hearing friends. It keeps you posted on what is taking place in the world of the Deaf. It gives you viewpoints not brought out in any other paper of the Deaf.

The SILENT WORKER Tells you everything which the deaf and their friends are doing. It keeps you in step with the accomplishments of the deaf. Foreign deaf frequently contribute articles to this magazine. It has a corps of distinguished staff writers who are always on the alert to give first hand impressions about the deaf.

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The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 40. No. 7

Trenton, N. J., April, 1928

25 Cents a Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



Miss Helen Heckman, (from her latest photograph) of Muskogee, Okla., author of "My Life Transformed," recently published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Miss Heckman is also a graceful dancer. See article on pages 267, 268, 269, 270.

THE SILENT WORKER

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Dreams That Come True

By Helen Heckman

This article written by Helen Heckman just before her departure for America in October after a summer spent in Switzerland. The SILENT WORKER is the first magazine to publish this article



WONDERFUL summer for me is drawing to a close in this foreign land, where for four months I have been experiencing dreams come true.

Here in Italian Switzerland, near the lovely village of Lugano, famed for its incomparable mountain and lake scenery, I have luxuriated in the first real rest that I have had since the arduous task of speech-learning was begun when I was twelve. For, as countless know, I am totally deaf, having lived in a sound-proof world since the age of eleven months, when an attack of Spinal Meningitis completely robbed me of the priceless faculty of hearing.

When I think of myself at the age of twelve, a fat, lazy, ignorant girl, without speech or learning, using signs in lieu of words, deficient in the sense of balance, unable to eat without smacking or to exert myself at all without making unnatural sounds, feeling nothing in common with those of the hearing world, and content to merely eat, sleep, spend hours in a rocking chair or hammock, staring vacantly into space, or play with the bit of string which I carried about with me, it often seems that I never could have been that person, so great have been the changes to take place in me.

For now, though still totally deaf, I can converse freely with hearing persons through the natural medium of speech; read the lips of others so easily that I do not sense the absence of hearing; many doubt my being deaf; play the piano and such expression and rhythm that strike with accuracy the tones of the diatonic scale and sing certain simple song-phrases within this one-scale and sing certain simple song-phrases within this one-octave range; and move about in the hearing world as a normal, happy being without the finger of pity being pointed toward me.

Need one wonder, then, that I feel as though I have passed from one existence into another, and that two lives were actually given me to live instead of one.

When at the age of twelve, a new mother took charge

of me and began my reconstruction, she awakened in me the first faint desire for speech and general knowledge by creating an interest in travel, through writing and acting out little stories of places she had seen beyond the narrow plane of my existence, and thus giving me a vision of the wonders they held for the eye and mind. For I was obdurate and unresponsive to all her efforts for me, and it was necessary for her to resort to all sorts of schemes to arouse sufficient interest to hold me to the task of learning which she had set for me.

In time when I was ready for simple geography and history lesson, she arranged little trips for me; and, on train or boat, with maps before us, she taught me the names and location of states, bodies of water, and cities as we passed along and led me into historical facts pertaining to the regions through which we were traveling.

My first knowledge of a continent other than our own came when I was shown the dot on the map of Europe representing the city of Paris. So interested did I become in the tales my mother-teacher told me of this faraway city, that I was soon boasting to my friends that I would go to Paris next.

Little did I realize, though, how long it would be, how many years I would have to spend in study, before I could take a trip like this. And often during this long period of steady application to the business of acquiring speech and knowledge. I wondered if my dream would ever be realized.

But dreams do come to those who persist, and the last of May I was sailing away from New York on my way to Europe, where I was to see not only the wonders of Paris but those of other cities as well.

I was ready for this trip in 1924, following some professional expression in my chosen Art, the dance, but I had long had a desire to give to the world, especially to

the handicapped, the message which I felt my development held for others. And I wanted to set forth the detailed story of my training, how I was taught speech, lip-reading, music, and the dance in the face of almost



"April Showers," posed by Miss Heckman



Miss Heckman in Interpretative Dances

overwhelming obstacles, while the methods and manner of their employment which my mother-teacher had originated were perfectly clear in my mind.

When this work of three years was ended last spring, and the completed manuscript, "MY LIFE TRANSFORMED," was in the hands of the publisher, I found myself longing for rest as well as travel; so after seeing my dream-city, Paris, I came on to Switzerland and settled down in a lovely villa on the Eastern shore of Lake

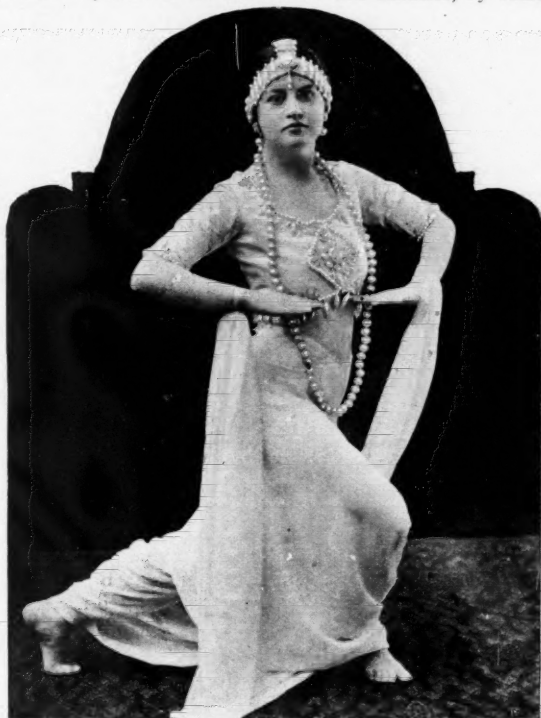
Lugano, from which spot, while my sister Mildred pursued her violin studies under the master-teacher, Cesar Thomson, Mcther and I have made many a delightful excursion into Italy, and of course to near-by lakes and mountaintops, and important cities in Switzerland.

Interesting indeed has been my summer among the people of Italy and Switzerland, for this close contact with them has enabled me to learn first-hand their characteristics and modes of living. No tourist, hurry-



Today Miss Heckman still studies the beauty of the rose for inspiration

ing from one important point to another, can possibly have such an insight into the life of a country through which he passes as has been mine this summer, by reason



Miss Heckman in an oriental dance

of the time I have spent in the various places I have visited.

I have met all types and classes of people, from the



Helen on the balcony (of Villa Gabrielle) where she has done her dance practice during her stay in Switzerland

most lowly peasant to the man or woman of noble birth. I have found that the ignorant goatherd, watching his flock on the mountainside, may be as capable of courtesy, and have as great a feeling of pride in his small possessions as those of position and affluence, even though it is generally conceded by the nobility, so I am told, that he ought to be shot for wanting to own his own home, and his wife put in chains for wearing silk stockings on Sunday.

Class distinction is ever before one, but despite the fact that Europe lays claim to the cream of culture, I have found from observation and comparison that America



*At the Arcade de Triomphe (Arch of Triumph)
Paris, June 8, 1927*

has a culture to be proud of, and she need not give a thought to foreign jibes at the "inferiority" of her people.

Needless to say, I have had daily inspiration from the scenic beauties of Italy and Switzerland which greet the eye everywhere, and I love the peaceful Italian atmosphere of Lugano; the lake alive with fishing boats, barges, and excursion steamers; the tiny villages here and there on the mountainsides, with their church spires rising high above the tree-tops and the friends I have made during my sojourn here.

Here in Europe, especially in Italy, every American is looked upon as having a bag of gold on his person, and the "itching palms," as Fannie Hurst calls them, which are thrust at one everywhere, rob one of much of the pleasure of sight-seeing.

An American woman, who has long resided abroad, amused me the other day when she told me the American



Miss Heckman in another of her Interpretative Dances



A handsome "gendarme" quite willingly poses with Miss Heckman as is evident by the expression of his face

tourists are called "Yankee Bounders" by certain European people, by reason of their haste in traveling. Some countries, she informed me, though not loud in their praise of the American man, have to admit the superiority of the American woman. But an American man for me, I say, when I marry.

A REMARKABLE ACCOMPLISHMENT IN SPEECH TRAINING

Helen Heckman became totally deaf at the age of eleven months. Having never consciously heard, she could not speak. Then when she was twelve years old, the oral schools of the day having reported that she was now too far advanced in age ever to learn to talk, her speech education was undertaken by "Mother".

Possibly you have seen Helen Heckman recently, or at least heard reports of her. If so, you are acquainted with the latest and happiest chapter in a remarkable life story,—a story which Miss Heckman has herself set frankly down in her book, *My Life Transformed*.

Miss Heckman is said to be the first person, handicapped by total deafness from infancy, to talk with natural speech qualities,—accent, inflection, modulation, rhythm.

The detailed account of how her teacher-mother trained her is available for you in this book. The ingenious use of stairs for teaching the diatonic scale, the Bodily Pressure Method for getting rising and falling inflection,—these and a hundred other helpful and often entirely novel aids to voice training are presented in detail.

Whether you deal with the deaf or simply with the correction of speech defects, you will find many useful hints as well as a story of inspiring accomplishment within the covers of *My Life Transformed*. And if you know others who, somewhat similarly handicapped, are making their own long uphill fight, a copy of this book placed in their hands might be the best possible encouragement.

The price of the book is \$2.50. Copies may be obtained through your bookseller, or we will fill your order by mail, prepaying postage.

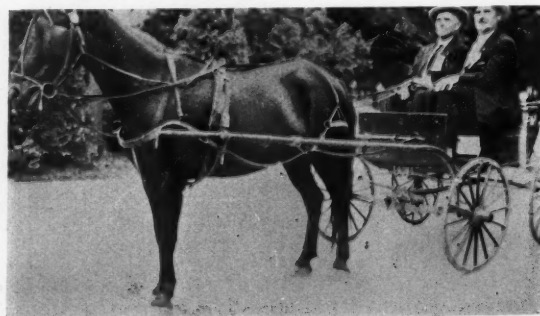
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Kind old lady, about to drop coin in blind man's cup, "Oh, dear, I've lost it. Where in the world can it have gone?"

Blind man, "There it is, lady. Right there by your left foot."



Right to left—Fred C. Gottworth and J. S. Deatsman, two old chums enjoying a pre-auto ride. Both attended the Michigan School and have passed the three-score milestone and enjoy good health. Photo taken two years ago at Bob-Lo Picnic.



Monte Carlo, showing the peninsula of Monaco with the palace of the Princes of Monaco

Little Journeys in Bohemia

By Kelly H. Stevens

(Continued from last month)

Paris, January 26th.

ICAME back from Spain on the 15th. I had just about finished up my paintings at Segovia; had intended to stay a few days longer when it suddenly turned very cold, and snow began to fall. So I beat a quick retreat back to Paris, for Spanish houses are not heated except for charcoal braziers, cold spells being rare.

I have missed the sunshine and bracing air of Spain so much since coming back to gray old Paris. In Spain I got such a nice coat of tan, shook off my cold, and generally perked up. And now I have started out to do the theatres and the Opera. Have been to the Opera twice, once to see "Herodiade" and again for "Falstaff." Going to the Opera reminds me of a true story I heard. Last summer a party of girls and a boy came over to "do" Europe. The boy was about eighteen, very soft and girlish-looking. He hadn't any dress suit, so when they went to the Opera, the girls loaned him evening dresses and dolled him up like a girl. His hair was rather long, and looked just like a close shingle bob. There is another story of an Englishman who came to the Opera in knickers as escort for a party of women. Imagine his chargin when he was compelled to step into a side room and rent a pair of trousers before he could take his seat. It is not generally known that there is quite a vestry on hand to rent to Americans and Englishmen who have transgressed the Opera's sacred rules of etiquette.

Here's what my laundry list in French looks like!

9 chemises	13. 56
1 robe de chambre	2. 50
3 combinaisons	7. 20
1 pyjamas	3. 00
1 pantalon pyjamas	7. 50
1 sous chemise	1. 20
18 mouchoirs	3. 00

2 mouchoirs de soie	2. 05
6 cols	2. 05
6 paires chaussettes	2. 40

37. 85

37. 85 francs ÷ 26 = \$1. 46

No, I haven't adopted feminine lingerie—"chemise" stands for *shirts*. Whatever *combinaisons* are, I leave it to the genius of my friend, Ted Griffing, to determine. You see laundry IS cheap here and it is all hand work. Imagine getting nine shirts laundered for half a dollar, back home, and handkerchiefs at only one cent each.

February 28th.

I am falling in love with Paris life again—such lovely spring weather the last few days that many people have discarded their overcoats. Flowers everywhere on sale. Fruit trees in bloom. On the sidewalk the flower women are selling violets and mimosa. The latter is in bloom in the south of France and trainloads of it come to Paris daily. It has delicate, filmy leaves and myriads of tiny, fluffy yellow balls, very sweet-smelling. Yesterday morning I went early to the flower market on the Cite and saw more flowers than ever before in my life, just wave after wave of blooms. And the news dispatches are telling of severe blizzards back home, of eight inches of snow, even in Texas.

The art school is just jammed. First, fifty or more students came back from Italy and now a large contingent has arrived from New York, and more are coming. It is so crowded that we barely have elbow room. They have even put desks in the halls for the newcomers. It does not bother me much, my course will soon be over. After school and on Saturdays I work in Jean Hanau's studio. Jean is one of my new friends, an up-and-coming young French artist. One of the most intelligent and generous hearted persons I have ever met—also the

most astonishing oralist. He speaks French fluently, English well, and reads both languages on the lips. He is already well-known in Paris, and exhibits his work in all the Salons. I predict that he will go far, for his work shows remarkable talent. His studio is a cheerful place, large, airy and light, and it was recently renovated. He has it beautifully furnished with antiques. There are



The great fortress-palace of the Popes, Avignon

always interesting people coming to the studio. Most afternoons about five there is a little group of people in for tea, after the easels have been rolled back and the brushes washed.

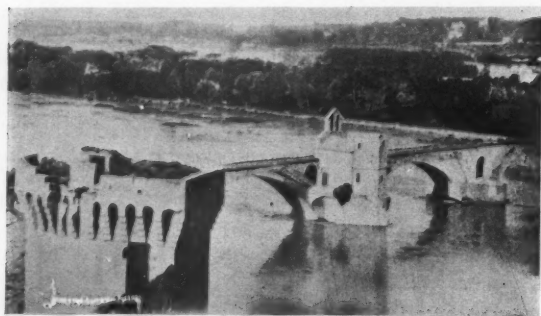
March 7th.

Mardi Gras was much tamer than I had expected. Since the War the grown-ups have not had the heart for it—hence there were no parades in Paris, and only the very small children were masked—few of them at that. The Parisians, all the French for that matter, are not as gay as we Americans are, contrary to our idea of the French. The gaiety here is only that of foreigners in resorts like Montmartre, and it impresses one as being more artificial than spontaneous.

Mi-Careme is Thursday of this week. I'm going to a tea then, also one on Friday. Saturday night Jean and I go to see *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by Rostand, the same playwright who wrote *Chanticleer* and started all the women in Europe and America to wearing rooster feathers. We are to see Franzen act the part of *Cyrano*.

Avignon, France, March 26th.

Again I have commenced my journeyings in Bohemia, in Arcadia rather. For I am here in Avignon, one of the



Avignon, the famous bridge, and its little chapel

fairest spots on earth, and the most fascinating one of France, historically and artistically.

It is so good to be out of smoky, gray, old Paris and to be out of the art school's boring grind, and to be down here in clean, bright, sunny, and rain-washed Avignon.

The city is sweet and fresh and all nature is smiling. The hills are white with blossoming almond and plum trees, rivalling the snows on the distant Alps. All along the broad Rhone, icy cold from the melting snows far off, the willows are leaping out. And the valley, which is very broad, is abloom with fruit trees. Red-bud flaunts from the rocks and the corners of these old castles and monasteries.

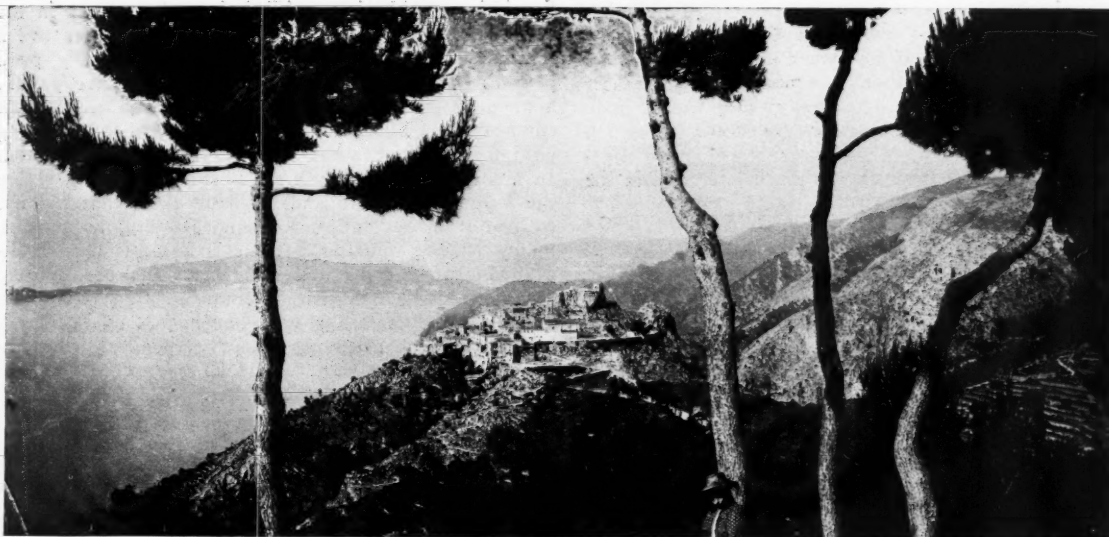
It was a hard trip down here yesterday. I left Paris about 8 A. M. and got here at 7:30 P. M., coming by way of Dijon and Lyons. I was sick when I left Paris, so ate nothing all day except an orange. Had been invited out to a little bon-voyage dinner the night before



The celebrated ivory Virgin of Villeneuve-les-Avignon

and was dined and wine to a finish. I got home at twelve that night and sat up until three in the morning packing a trunk, four bags, and two boxes (left everything stored in Paris except two bags). I got only three hours sleep that night. Last night I had a wonderful snooze and have felt good all day today. Been on the go constantly, exploring Avignon (Ah - veen-yon, please) on this side of the Rhone. and Villeneuve-les-Avignon on the other side.

When the popes were exiled from Rome seven hundred years ago they came to Avignon and built here a great



Eze, perched on its rocky crag. One of the views of the Nice to Monte Carlo drive

fortress-palace (in which one of them sustained a siege for three years) a cathedral church and numerous monasteries. They surrounded the whole city with massive, frowning walls, and lived entrenched here for nearly a hundred years. They threw out a long bridge across the Rhone to connect the city with Northern France. Of this bridge, only three spans remain in the Avignon side, and one of the piers is crowned with a beautiful little Gothic church. Who would think of a church on a bridge? But the people of the Middle Ages had religion everywhere. This bridge became famous in song and story, for all the pageantry and pomp of mediæval France and Italy paraded across it. I stood long on the ramparts above, regarding it. A group of eight small schoolboys, on a holiday, in black berets and capes, ran out to the broken end of the last span, formed a circle, and began to dance and sing, as I supposed:

"Sur le pont d'Avignon tout le monde y danse."

The kings of France watched the popes jealously.

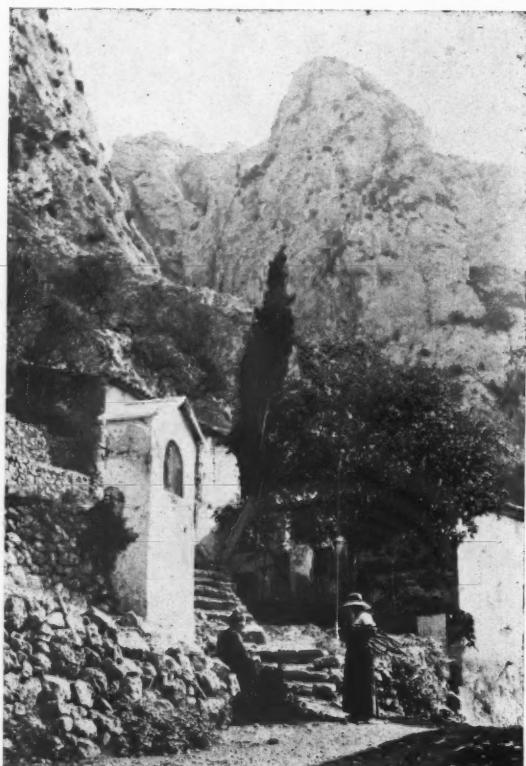
King Phillip the Fair built a strong fortified tower at his end of the bridge so that he could watch and know the business of everybody who came from France to see the Pope—the same thing as if I stood at your front gate and kept your friends from coming to see you. They would have to sneak up the back alley and in the kitchen door—which is precisely what they did in the Pope's case. On the top of the hill, near by his tower, Phillip and his successors raised a massive fort. Soon, a flourishing city grew up between the river and the hill. Rival religious orders built their monasteries and churches on the Villedieu side and flourished for a few centuries.

I explored all day today—literally lived in the Middle Ages reconstructing their life in imagination. King Phillip's fort and tower especially thrilled me. I was allowed to climb all over them, unmolested, to explore the great bare rooms and the dungeons. Everything grim and cold. However much one of these massive castles thrills you and sends waves of organ music rolling thru



Eze, a nearer view. To the right may be seen part of the wonderful Grande Corniche road from Nice to the Italian border

your soul when you behold it from a distance, crowning a hill-top and showing white against piled-up clouds, it becomes forbidding and cold when once you are inside. Bare, lofty, drafty rooms; enormous stone fireplaces which you would have to hug close to keep warm; little winding staircases; iron rings in the walls, to which prisoners were chained. I had never been up on mediæval fortifications before. I was much interested in the



A wayside shrine near Nice

slits at the top of the walls and towers (Crenellations) from which the defenders could shoot down upon the attackers, or pour down hot tar, oil, or boiling water. In King Phillip's fortress I found an ancient kitchen with its bake ovens and tables just as they were six hundred years ago.

King Phillip's tower contains three great rooms, one above the other. In one I found an inscription scratched on the wall in letters the style of several centuries ago. It said in French: "Charles Lawrence begs the good God to be willing to him—" whatever it was Charles wanted God to do for him we shall never know for the inscription breaks off here. I wondered if it was a prisoner who cut that inscription and if he was dragged out to execution before he could finish his prayer: "*Charles Laurens prie le bon Dieu de le vouloir bien...*"

Avignon has kept alive thru commerce and, especially in the Eighteenth Century waxed rich again so that it contains many graceful buildings of the time of Louis XIV and XV. Villeneuve-les-Avignon has gone to seed and a polyglot population lives among its ruins. The Ministry of the Fine Arts is doing lots of restoration over there and its fine things are saved for posterity. Avignon, in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries was the art center of France, as well as the religious center of Europe, for the popes brought artists from Italy and founded a

flourishing school of art. Their best pictures are in the Louvre now, but I saw in the museum at Villeneuve a few very good ones. Placed among the really good pictures there I chanced across a funny votive picture marked "Ex voto, 1808." It shows a woman who has climbed up on a ladder. It is toppling and she is falling head first thru an arbor of grape vines to the ground. In a corner of the picture she is shown kneeling before the Virgin and Child and thanking them that she has escaped from her fall unscathed. Nothing miraculous, to my way of thinking, for she is a fat woman, well-padded against falls, and had a grape arbor to help break her sudden descent. Feminine vanity wins out, for she is shown falling with one bonnet on her head, but doing the thanksgiving in another bonnet! She probably had the artist paint her whole repertoire of bonnets—the dress is the same in both cases.

March 27th.

Had another full and interesting day today. I devoted all morning to going thru the Palace of the Popes. It is enormous. Its beetling walls and towers enclose rooms of vast dimensions the like of which I never saw. The building has been used for a military barracks for two or three centuries past. Since 1911 the government and the city have been restoring it, bit by bit. The scraping off of whitewash and plaster has brought to light beautiful bits of Gothic carving and painted walls and ceilings. The restored rooms are used for museums of art and archaeology.

This afternoon I started sketches in the tower of Phillip the Fair and the fortress across the river. I hunted



Bright glimpses of the Mediterranean interspersed

for more old inscriptions in the tower of Phillip le Bel. Found a plenty, some in such old letters that I could not work them out. I found two old ones in Latin:

"Consolatrix of the afflicted, pray for us"
 "Patience conquers all."

Here a prayer not finished: "Jesu, Mar (ia)—"
 And there a rhyming prayer in old French:

"Pay moy cette faveur O Dieu que je reclame
 Que je die en mourant jesu recoy mon ame,"

meaning

"Grant me this favor, O God on whom I call,
 That when I am dying, Jesus receives my soul."

But no names and dates scratched up before the Eighteenth Century—it seems that writing one's name in public places is a modern vice, as none of these pious prisoners of the Middle Ages signed or dated their prayers.

Pisa, Italy, April 1st.

Another frontier crossed. Three quiet days at Nice, which was very restful, as the winter crowd has just



The ancient bronze statue of St. Peter in the Church of St Peter in Rome. The right foot is worn away by the kisses of the devout

gone, an all day ride to Monte Carlo, Mentone and back. Then an all day trip thru smoking, choking tunnels, with bright glimpses of the Mediterranean interspersed, down to Pisa. Got to Pisa at midnight.

(An unpublished letter to Crutch. Printed by his special permission.)

"Dear Crutch: The Leaning Tower is still leaning—it leaned almost right over my hotel, and made me hope it did not choose to finish the leaning act last night. This morning I climbed all over it but kept scrooging over on

the starboard side by instinct. Some notoriety seekers might like to be included when the grand event occurs, but I don't want to be among those present, either inside or on the lee side when the Leaning Tower takes the notion to complete its fall.

"At the Hotel Nettuno they put me into an awfully big room—two large beds, eighteen lire per night. What was I to do? I hated to see both those big beds going to waste, not having a better half to occupy the other one for me. I solved the problem by sleeping half the night in one bed. Towards the wee, sma' hours I got up and changed over to the other big bed and thus got my eighteen lire worth of beds. This reminds me of your first trip to New York, Crutch. You took a fifteen dollar room at the Van Swank, and to get the good of it, stayed in your room all day.

"Crutch, the imagination sure does play you tricks in an Italian bed. You've been told that Italian beds are buggy as the deuce—so have I. Before you get in, you pull back the covers, jerk up the mattress and satisfy yourself that your bed has no need of Black Flag. Lights out. In you jump and proceed to snuggle down. Pretty soon, an itching begins down near your left shank. Must be a bed bug! Scratch. Bedbug retreats. The itching begins again on your tummy, moves rapidly around your side to your back. It changes location so rapidly that you decide the intruder must be a flea after all. Scratch. Flea retreats. You snuggle down again. A tickling begins on your left ear, the exposed one. Scratch. It hovers around and settles down again on your cheek. No, the supposed flea must be a mosquito. You pull sheets up until only your nose is left exposed, and drift away into sleep. When you awake next morning and give the bed a bertillion examination again—not a single insect there. Just your darn imagination playing you tricks!

"You start learning Italian by the object method soon after you get into Italy. Take the hot and cold water faucets, for instance. After you've been living in France long enough to know that *chaud* on the handle stands for hot, and *froid* for cold, if the plumber hasn't gotten them mixed, you move into Spain and find *frio*, *caliente* staring up at you. After some experiments you learn which is which. Then, in Italy, the knobs show you *fredda* and *calza* and you take a fresh start. Crutch, I am sure you can learn furrin languages better this way than by the coupon clipping method you tried when you started out to learn society French. So long, Crutch. Leaving for Rome on the Garlic Special tomorrow."

Rome, April 4th, Easter Sunday.

This morning I went to Saint Peter's for the grand mass. This was not the mass at which the Pope officiated. He said mass in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. It was too late to get tickets for that. The Sistine is a comparatively small church, and the crowd there is terrific. So I went to St. Peter's. The celebrant there was a Cardinal—I think it was Merry del Val, the Pope's secretary, a venerable and kind looking old man. The preliminary service commenced at nine. Together with the preliminary service, the mass, and the service succeeding it, it was more than three hours all told. I came early, and got a good place to stand, not far from the chancel railing, in a crowd of German pilgrims. I could not get out at any time, if I had wished to, owing to the press of people. There were many thousands in the church, even though it was not filled to its greatest capacity.

The preliminary service with music and chanting consumed about an hour. In the chancel were seated a large number of priests, bishops in fur robes, and a few cardinals

in red. After much chanting and burning of incense the Cardinal-celebrant appeared, preceded by a magnificent procession. Then began the ceremony called the "Robbing of the Cardinal." Vestment after vestment was



The Appian Way near Rome

brought out with much ceremony and laid on the altar to be incensed and blessed. Then the cardinal's robes were removed from him, one by one, with appropriate ceremony. They took away his red robes, down to a thin red and lace garment. Then the robing commenced. First, a number of white linen garments, each with a special religious significance. Then they began to put on the Cardinal, one golden robe on over another—cassock, surplice, cope, and finally they crowned his head with a great golden mitre, set with jewels. There were two golden mitres, one jewelled, one plain, and he changed from one to the other several times during the service. Two priests in golden robes were always at the Cardinal's heels to hold up his heavy golden train. The whole ceremony of the robing has taken an hour, and the Cardinal is now ready to commence the mass.

There follows the high mass, with full musical accompaniment, lasting more than an hour. When it is over, the Cardinal, bishops and priests go in solemn procession down the church, a guard preceding them to clear a path thru the throng and to hold it back. At the great main door the procession turns, comes up the great nave again, and at the crossing the whole procession, and the throng fall upon their knees, and turn their gaze upward. High up in the crossing priests appear on a balcony carrying jewelled shrines containing relics to show to the people. After the relics are shown, with much ceremony, the procession rises to its feet again, and moves to a side altar, where the disrobing ceremony takes place. Dressed in his Cardinal's red again, the celebrant and the procession move from the church. It was now almost one o'clock, and I left having witnessed the most gorgeous religious spectacle it has ever been my fortune to see.

April 6th.

Here's what I did today: The Church of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem; The Church of Saint John Lateran; the Sancta Scala; Church of St. Mary the Great; the National Gallery of Modern Art; the Borghese Gardens, the pantheon; and I finished up to this light repast with the Colosseum late in the afternoon.

The Church of the Holy Cross was founded by the mother of Constantine the Great and contains pieces of the true (?) cross. One may give that some credence, tho' there are enough pieces of the true cross to reconstruct a whole forest from. And they show you two thorns from the Saviour's crown—very good. But when they show you the finger of Doubting Thomas, enshrined in a crystal and golden case, presumably the very finger

that he poked into the wounds of Christ, it is rather too much to believe.

St. John Lateran was the first Christian church in Rome, hence the mother church of the Catholic faith. It is a magnificent and imposing structure. Near by it is a smaller church housing the Sancta Scala or Holy Stairs. They are twenty-eight marbles steps said to have come from the House of Pilate, and Jesus is thought to have walked down them. They are sheathed in wood to save them from wear. At the top is a very sacred chapel, than which there is no place in Rome more holy. Devotees ascend the stairs on their knees, saying a prayer at each step, and when they reach the top, gain a plenary indulgence for all their sins.

Yesterday afternoon, some Italian friends took me to St. Paul's Outside the Walls. This, next to St. Peter's, is the most magnificent church in Rome, very, very old, and covered inside with precious marbles and mosaics. It was built on the spot where St. Paul was beheaded. We traversed the road along which Paul was led to his death. In the church Paul and Timothy are buried.

Each day in Italy is a perfect dream. Warm sun, clear, bright sky—not too cold, nor too hot. The wisteria is in full bloom, drooping everywhere over garden walls and colonades and around the ruins of antiquity. There is a profusion of flowers everywhere, especially of roses. The nights are deliciously cool, requiring blankets.

Cab fare is very cheap. I ride mostly in the open, one-horse carriages and see a lot from them. With two guide books and a map, I am doing Rome very thoroughly, as it will be a long time until I come back. I am going to, as I have thrown a penny in the Trevi Fountain.

(To be continued)



A. L. PACH PHOTO

Miss Doris Kent, younger daughter of Rev. and Mrs. John H. Kent, New York City

Angelenograms

By Augusta K. Barretr



ANY years have passed since John Howard Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home," and that once popular song is now almost forgotten in a world of jazz songs and music. Interest and love for the home and fireside has waned too and it is now the ambition of most young married couples to own an auto, instead of buying a home as it was before the motor age. For a handicapped people like the deaf when the choice has to be made between an auto and a home, the home should win every time. We are not aiming these remarks at those who can afford both a home and one or more automobiles; but at Mr. and Mrs. Average Deaf who are struggling along with high rents, high cost of living, payments on an auto and gas and repairs for it, which money would be better spent on a home.

That was a wonderful exhibit of pictures of the homes of Akron deaf people in the November WORKER. They were purchased from the Goodyear and Firestone Companies on the partial payment plan; payments being taken from the employees' wage earnings at so much every two weeks. We wonder if deaf employees of any other large company have bought homes in a similar manner. So far we have not seen an answer to the "Challenge of Akron." Looking at all these charming and handsome Akron homes there comes a whisper of a verse from Payne:—

*'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!*

Mr. Stephen John O'Leary is the only deaf man employed in the print-shop of the May Company, one of the biggest department stores of Los Angeles. Mr. O'Leary, called "Steve" by his friends, is a graduate of the Wisconsin School for the Deaf. He was born in Eau Claire, Wis., and lived there until his folks moved to Duluth, Minnesota, after his graduation, where he learned the job-printing trade and worked in several shops. About this time he also took a course of English Language Lessons in the Duluth Central High School, for about six months, under Mr. Brocklehurst, when he was the clerk of the Board of Education in Duluth. In 1915 Mr. O'Leary established a new small job-printing business with a partner under the firm name of Hagarty & O'Leary, running it till the following year, when Mr. O'Leary bought out Mr. Hagarty's interest and then ran the shop himself for three years. He was well known to the prominent men of Duluth, such as bankers, brokers, real estate firms, lawyers and other firms. "Steve" organized a new club in Duluth, which was named the "North Star Silent Club," and held several offices in the club.

Mr. O'Leary married Miss Etta Phillips, who was an enthusiastic worker for the Red Cross, in Duluth, during the World War, under the direction of Mrs. B. E. Ursin, now of Chicago. Mrs. O'Leary's work was praised by a letter from the Red Cross headquarters.

They moved to Los Angeles in 1923, and Mr. O'Leary has worked for the May Company ever since in their own printing department. He is a member of the N. F. S. D., and a director in the Los Angeles Silent Club. Last Spring they bought a handsome residence on South Hauser Boulevard, Los Angeles, and on last June 12th, they were given a happy house-warming party by their deaf and hearing friends, who gave them many useful and beautiful presents.

We like to write a story like this one, about the thrifty deaf man who has a good job and a home of his own, and thus in a measure, has overcome the handicap of deafness.

Naturally one would think that a great musician like Kreisler would value his hearing more than his sight, but he said that if forced to lose one or the other, he would keep his eyes. This oft recurring question and how it was answered in an unusual way is of interest to the deaf, so we quote part of the interview:—

New York, Jan. 8—Fritz Kreisler, whose ears have made him one of the greatest musicians of all time, would rather lose his hearing than his sight, if he were forced to choose between the loss of one or the other.

The famous violinist made this statement in answer to a question put to him by reporters aboard the Aquitania when he arrived here for a concert tour. He elaborated on his opinion, saying:

"Sometimes I hear more beautiful music in reading it than when it is played. I have heard much in music—but there is much more to see. After all, should such a thing ever happen, I would read music—and when I read music I hear it."

Lutheran services for the deaf are conducted in Los Angeles in Trinity Lutheran School Auditorium at Eighteenth and Cherry Streets, at 11 A. M., every Sunday of the month except the second Sunday. The services are under the charge of Rev. Gerhardt H. Ferber, who has been pastor of the Lutheran deaf of Los Angeles and California since April, 1927. Before coming to Los Angeles Mr. Ferber was pastor of a hearing Lutheran congregation at Oxnard, California, and studied the sign-language during the winter of 1926-27 in Portland Oregon, where there is a flourishing Lutheran church for the deaf, Rev. E. Eichmann being the pastor again.

Pastor Ferber is the third brother to enter the Lutheran ministry among the deaf, his brothers being stationed at Duluth, Minnesota and Kansas City, Missouri. Besides his services in Los Angeles, Pastor Ferber makes regular monthly trips to San Diego, Porterville, Berkeley, and San Francisco to hold services for the deaf, also holding them in Anaheim by appointment. Recently a Chapel Fund was begun by the Lutheran deaf of Los Angeles who some day hope to be able to conduct their services in their own church building.

The rewards of the workers for the deaf generally lies in the consciousness of doing one's bit for a worthy cause, but sometimes the deaf show their appreciation in a more substantial way. Mrs. Howard L. Terry last July retired from the Presidency of the California Association of the Deaf, after an administration of four years. The last evening of the convention she was presented with a purse of \$25.00, with which she later bought a beautiful wrist watch. We give a few extracts from her conven-



House-warming party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen O'Leary, Los Angeles, California. Sitting in the front row, next to the little Beisdug girls are Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary

tion address, which was mentioned in the Los Angeles papers and outlines some of the sentiments of this prominent deaf woman.

There are many types of deafness. In our schools the different types call for different treatment. It is a serious mistake to place the partially deaf child side by side with the totally deaf, or the born deaf pupil, and expect them to progress equally under identical treatment and method. In no other school in the world is there greater need for fine discrimination than here. The popular delusion that the pure oral method fits every deaf-mute child is a mistake. The thoroughly sympathetic teacher, and the one who understands deaf psychology knows that the present day tendency to exclude all other or rational methods for the "pure oral" and the auricular method, constitutes the greatest of the problems that we face today.

But with politics having the upper hand in our schools, what can we do?

The American Child Health Association recently gave out the startling report that 3,000,000 children in our public schools will be deafened adults unless something is done to check the progress of their deafness. These and similar statements in the press give a great army of political doctors and theorists a faddists a chance. Thenceforth comes all sorts of statements to alarm the public. It is creating a situation where people no longer discriminate, but accept things as they come. And this is just where politics and baneful influence get the upper hand in our schools. It brings into the teaching profession hundreds of persons unfitted to cope with the special problems of the deaf. Here in California the recent attempt by the legislature to sell at auction the state school for the deaf at Berkeley was one example of the harm that is wrought to many types of deaf children if politicians and self-seeking persons are to have their way.

There have been banquets in Los Angeles celebrating the birthday of Thomas H. Gallaudet, but the first banquet arranged especially to honor the birthday of Edward Miner Gallaudet was held at the Chateau Cafe, 1201 Shatto Street, Los Angeles, Friday night, February 3rd, 1928, at 7:30 o'clock, by the Gallaudet College Club, at Los Angeles. The Chateau Cafe is one of the novel eating places of Los Angeles, said to have been remodeled from a barn into a building in French chateau style. The banquet was served in the attic dining room, a room with bare unpainted rafters. The large reception room adjoining was furnished in a bizarre fashion, and decorated with all sorts of curios, lighted by Chinese lanterns which gave a dim light so one had to be careful not to fall over an

enormous couchant bear-skin rug, and the familiar faces looked weird in the quaint surroundings.

The diningroom was well-lighted and the dinner cooked by French cooks was excellent, also the program of toasts, most of which were of a humorous order. The most interesting toast was that of James M. Park of Santa Barbara who graduated from Gallaudet College in 1875. Dr. Gallaudet was a young man of about thirty years when Mr. Park was at college there were only about forty students there; and Mr. Park told of visits of the students at the Doctor's home and other friendly relations between him and the students which could not be continued when the number of students increased. Mr. Park was accompanied to the banquet by Mrs. Park, his companion of more than fifty years. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1926 and that summer Mr. Park hired a chauffeur to take them through Yosemite Park, which they had not visited before, and they enjoyed the trip very much. They are an interesting and well preserved couple.

But to return to the banquet. It was so much enjoyed that it was voted to make it an annual affair. The program and menu follows:

TOASTS

TOASTMASTER	President W. H. Rothert
ETERNAL FEMININITY	Mrs. R. J. Stillman
DR. E. M. GALLAUDET	Mr. James M. Park
THE FLAPPER OF 1888	Mrs. J. W. Barrett
1928	Mr. Kenneth Willman
A NORMAL	Mrs. Raymond Gesner

M E N U

SHRIMP COCKTAIL	
OXTAIL SOUP	
CELERY	OLIVES
RADISHES	
LETTUCE	
with Cheese Dressing	
ROAST CHICKEN	
with Sage and Olive Dressing	
CURRANT JELLY	
BUTTERED BRUSSEL SPROUTS	
FRENCH FRIED POTATOES	
ICE CREAM	CAKES
COFFEE	

Those present at the banquet were:—Mr. and Mrs. James M. Park, of Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Thompson, of Owensmouth; Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Butterbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Willman, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Venice; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stillman, of Glendale, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rothert,



The handsome bungalow home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen O' Leary, on South Hauser Boulevard, Los Angeles

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Handley, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. V. Walter Eden, Mrs. Zach. B. Thompson, Mrs. Raymond Gessner, and Messrs. Clarence Murdey and J. Orrie Harris, all of Los Angeles.

❖ ❖

The election of officers of the Los Angeles Silent Club was held on December 17th, and they were installed at the first meeting in January. The plan of having the clubs affairs run by the Board of officers and directors seems to be satisfactory. The officers for 1928 are: President, Simon Himmelschien; Vice-President, Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett; Secretary, Lawrence Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. James Conway; Trustees, W. H. Rothert, Mrs. H. L. Terry and W. H. Farnham; Directors, Mrs. Henrietta Dahl, A. V. Ballin, C. C. McMann, E. C. Ould, Jacob Beck, Stephen O'Leary, Mrs. R. LaMont, W. H. Rothert, Mrs. Grace Noah, Mrs. Anna Coffman, Mrs. H. L. Terry, Mrs. Charles Boss and Omar L. Smith.

At a Long Island resort a girl landed a fish weighing a hundred and twenty pounds. It was five feet six inches tall, wears plus four knickers, and has already spoken to her father.

JOHNNY—Grandpa, can you help me with this problem?

GRANDPA—I could, dear, but I don't think it would be right.

JOHNNY—I don't suppose it would but take a shot at it, anyway.

Four-year-old Clifton was visiting his grandmother in the country, when a bowl of bread and milk was given him. He tasted it, then paused and looked at it in silence. "Don't you like it, dear?" asked his grandmother. "Yes," replied the little fellow, "I was only wishing our milkman would trade his wagon for a cow."

The reason most young couples close their eyes when kissing is to prevent each other from seeing how foolish they each look.

SHE WINS SUIT IN SIGN LANGUAGE



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO

New York—Photo shows Miss Louise Cook (left) acting as sign language interpreter for Mrs. Nettie Cail, Deaf-mute wife who won her suit for separation from her deaf-mute husband, James W. Cail in Supreme court here



Master Arthur W. Meck, Jr. Four years old son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Meck, of Detroit, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Meck were formerly of Delavan, Wisconsin

Letters From Our Humorist

By Henry P. Crutcher



Hominy, S. C.,
Feb, 7, Leap Year.
DEAR POP PORTER:—In looking over the last few months' SILENT WORKERS I notice that my esteemed contemporaries are literally cluttering up your pages with, I admit, extremely interesting accounts of their recent travels and adventures. Uncle Alex Pach has told all about his hobnobbing with the elite on the Pussiffick Coast; Brother "Pep" Meaghur is still agog and keeping everybody else agog with his Toe-Nail sketches of the Denver Convention; and Cousin Kell Stevens tells intriguing tales of Paris and how he was awakened every A. M. by a maid. Pop can't you imagine how Cousin Kell must of blushed the first morning the maid woke him up?

Well, if these boys, not to mention Dutch Mueller, of Louisville; that horned toad in Texas, named Hill; that spelling marvel, Alibi B. B. B., the Peepuls' Choice; little Gussie Barrett, and all the rest are getting good money for writing down their adventures, why, shucks, I'm gonna set down to the table and grab my share of the gravy, too. Maybe I ain't crossed the oshun or the Rockies, but I've crossed the Mrs Sippy and the O. Hio rivers and the Alle Ganey and Blue Ridge Mts. since last summer and I've seen some fun also, buh-lieve me. Did I tell you about that crap game on Peachtree St., Atlanta; or about going to church up in the mountains near Asheville, N. C.; or about that girl that got infatuated with me down in Charlotte; or about the corn liquor—called "cawn-licker"—down here in Hominy? No? Well, I must tell you about it. Also, about my picture show in Goldville, S. C.

But first, Pop, I want to repeat again that I didn't walk even one-half the way down here from Illinois in spite of the traducements that New Amster Dam girl

has been flinging around on her fingers about me. I walked only from Athens, Ga., to Hominy; and I didn't walk the ties at that. I used the State Highways. What's eatin' on that girl is she just jealous because she can't write fine literature like what I am writing now. When she tries to write literature she always ends up in doleful poems that tell about how her weary soul is being tossed relentlessly up and down, up and down, on the wintry sprays of the storm-driven seas at midnight. Or, about how she yearns and yearns and yearns and yearns for just one more glimpse of her dear old Gally Dett and Kendall Green—whoever those fellows are—once again before the lillies decorate her lifeless, inanimate, completely dead, heartbroken form. Yes, that's the kind of poetry Flossie Waffles Lewis writes.

Surcharged with grief, her poems tell
Of woe and rife and wrack;
The butterflies to this poor gell
Are always jettest black.

Well, pop, I'll ring off right now because it is put near dinner time. I gotta be on time at this boarding house or I don't git my share. I was two minutes late three weeks ago and by gosh there wasn't even a grain of hominy left for me. Don't want it to happen again.

Hoping this finds your bronchitis better, I am,
Yes, I am,
Yourn,
CRUTCH.

[Next month Crutch will write of a few of his adventures in the South. He gets in a crap game in Atlanta, goes to church in the North Carolina mountains, samples the cawn lick in South Carolina and—but be sure, if you are not already a subscriber, to send your subscription now and follow this happy-go-lucky deaf man.—EDITOR WORKER.]

A FACTORY CLERK

(To my friend, Walter Thomas)

BY HENRY P. CRUTCHER

*Wearily toiling along, along;
Adding up figures that come out wrong;
List'ning to roaring 'chinery wheels
Thumping and crunching like giant heels:
Ever and ever around they roll,
Rolling around and taking their toll,
Taking their toll from the soul of me,
Holding me down relentlessly—
O, Fate, be kind, how long, please tell,
Must I continue to toil like —
All my days at this arduous work
Stolidly drudging, a fact'ry clerk?*

Jenny R.—"Did you hear about her teeth falling out while she was playing tennis?"

Lennea E.—"No, Did she lose her set?"

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

According to the News of Morton, Illinois, the following notice appeared not long ago in the want ad column of a Western newspaper:

"Mr. Gerald Allen, Jr., Personal Escorter, Tots and Kiddies took to school and returned prompt in perfect condition if received that way. Military discipline. Rates 25c a week. Special rates to twins. Refined conversation. No extra charge for nose wiping. All I ask is a trial."

It takes a clever woman to know what a man is going to say before he says it; it takes an even cleverer woman not to say it first.

—Princeton Tiger.

"Heard the multiplication song?"

"Nope. What it is?"

"How Many Times?"

—Notre Dame Juggler.



National Ass'n NADIO of the Deaf



Broadcasted by J. Frederick Meagher

SCOOPED AGAIN!

Our enterprising contemporaries—the *Deafest Mute's Journal* (national weekly for the deaf) and the *SILENT* (sometimes) *WORKER* (the world's greatest illustrated monthly magazine for deaf workers—and sloths, if any) have again scooped this old-established Nadio broadcasting station! OK-MNX!

Those up-and-coming periodicals scooped us by publishing official announcements the 1930 Nad convention has been awarded to Buffalo—before this Nad-born Nad-i-oh could do likewise! Applesauce.

"First with the latest" is our motto. Horsefeathers! Tell it to Tin Star!

And the announcements were signed by Gland President Artie "L" Roberts, who lives right in the same town as this broadcaster. Civic pride and gratitude? Bosh! We buy our vile-smelling stogies from the same cut-price smokery—yet he sends his release to contemporaries located 1000 miles away. *Diabolo!*

"Let Justice be done though the Heavens fall!" I have a long memory. Read this month's "Denver Thumbnails" to see what happened to the president of another national organization who helped my rivals scoop me! Then watch future Nadio programs for exclusive releases of interesting "scoops." Revenge is sweet!



SAVED HER LIFE—and thereby doomed a dozen deaf to sudden death! For on Gallaudet's birthday a few months later, she became the innocent "come-on" of what is now the country-wide "restore hearing by airplane ride" swindle!

Gwendolyn Caswell was born in England, with a beautiful face and the pliant, slender body of a nymph; a sunny smile and gentle grace. Like Clara Bow. She left the Illinois State School for the Deaf about 1923, and became the star of the amateur dramatic troupe of Chicago's Silent A. C., coached by that versatile Joe Wondra. The kid had "It!"

By the merest chance on a mild spring day of 1924, I ran into "Gwen" and her schoolday chum, Virginia Hartel, starting to cross State St. in front of the Fair. We did no more than cross the street, then separate with a wave of the hand—but a lot can happen in half a minute.

That was before traffic light systems were installed. An unseen copper blew his whistle, and we three deaf-mutes were suddenly caught in the shift of traffic—stranded right in the middle of one of the world's busiest crossings. Caught unable to advance or retreat. Traffic moves fast in Chicago. A hurtling Lincoln left-turned eastward, revealing to my horrified eyes a hideously-red trolley North-bound, coming lickety-split, five yards away. Neither girl saw it, and we were right in the path. A gentleman should never strike a lady—except to save her life. I gave them chest-blows that fairly lifted them off their feet backwards, and the

juggernaut thundered past two inches from our frightened hearts!

July 4 both "Gwyn" and "Virgie" performed in Wondra's "Frat Revue," to the unbounded delight of a hundred visiting fraters, en route to the ill-starred St. Paul grand convention of the N.F.S.D. "Gwen" had the leading role, and was the idol of the hour. It seemed she would make a good "catch," for several dignitaries from tank-towns requested her address.

Now listen: a few years ago Chicago was infested with amateur airplane pilots struggling to make a living by carrying passengers on sight-seeing flights, at an average tariff of \$15 for fifteen minutes. That was when Lindbergh was still a humble mail-flyer.

December 10, 1924—Gallaudet's birthday, fatal date—Gwendolyn and one of her many esquires were visiting one of the landing fields around Chicago. So far as I can ascertain, it all began by accident, as most great things do. One of the penniless pilots noticed her vivacious beauty. Struck up an acquaintance. "Hey," he yelled to the owner, "Things are dull; what say I take the kid up for a trial spin in th' old bus?"

"Gas costs coin," growled the boss. "Whadd'y 'spose I'm runnin' this bus'ness fer, me health?"

"Aw, cum' on; be a good feller," the flier rejoined. Then, since necessity is the mother of invention, he was struck by a bright idea: "Spose the ride helped the poor dummy hear; must be dozens of dummies in Chicago. Why, even if it don't help 'em, those dummies might be dumb 'nuff to be hooked by the hokum." He was now all a thrill with his clever stratagem. "Why, you son-of-a-son, there's money in it if we can bilk th' papers!"

A sudden shrewd glint entered the other's eyes. He apprised Gwendolyn's slender form, then nodded.

The *Chicago Herald and Examiner*—largest 3-cent morning circulation of any newspaper in America—ran the story on page one the next day, accompanied by a charming photograph. "Mute Girl Talks and Hears After Nose Dive from Skies in Plane." Hearst is not to be blamed; newspapers sincerely endeavor to print the truth, but they are unable to instantly investigate and analyze every yarn which comes from apparently authentic sources.

"Gwen" had nodded a vigorous, exhilarated affirmative when the ride ended and they asked her if she could hear any better. Maybe the poor kid really believed she could; self-hypnotism. "The wish is father to the thought." (I myself once believed I was beginning to hear—for the first few moments after that old duck Dowie clutched my infant head and mumbled a few heaven-sent phrases, ending with "Five dollars, please," to my dear old mother.)

"Gwen" certainly assured her eager questioners she could "hear better."

And she still asserted her hearing was improved, at the next few socials at our Silent A. C. She was the hero of the hour. Until our skepticism changed to certain unbelief!

But that fatal story had been carried country-wide. Doting mothers and sanguine suckers wrote her letters by the basket, asking confirmation of her "restored hearing." To tell the truth would be a gross betrayal of her "kind friends the airmen who were so nice and generous," she felt. So "Gwen" answered none.

Now, our deaf are like the hearing public—ever as ready to turn and devour yesterday's heroes as we were to lionize them. We practically ostracized petite little "Gwen." Made her feel she was nowise welcome at any of Chicago Deafdom's dozen clubs. Heart-sick, bewildered, disillusioned—the one-time toast of the town gradually realized she was an outcast among her own kind. She turned to hearing circles, and shortly afterwards married a hearing taxi-driver. Her first two babies were *twins*!

Since then newspapers carry the story of another fatal air-crash every few months, winding up with the words: "The victim was flying in hopes of restoring his—or her—hearing."

June 8, 1927, the Nebraska school graduated a class of *thirteen*, prim and proud in their class-motto of "Strive to Reach the Goal!"

Just a month later one of these 13—Lula Pearl Hoffman—strove to reach her goal at Winner, South Dakota. Her goal was restoration of hearing—but she picked a poor spot to strive in. She was not a winner in Winner.

Before me is a clipping—sent by Edwin Hazel of Omaha: "This photo shows all that was left of a new airplane in which three persons met death when it fell at Winner, S. D. The pilot was looping at 3,000 feet altitude trying to restore hearing to Miss Lulu Hoffman, a deaf-mute. The wing collapsed and the pilot, H. Hansen; the owner, Harry G. Moorehead, and Miss Hoffman, fell to their death."

I hear some one recently saw "Gwen"—now Mrs. Walter Parmelee. They say she did not look happy. Once vividly vivacious, neat as a pin and charming as a movie queen, she was.....well, changed.

And I wonder.

I wonder if it would have been better for the greatest

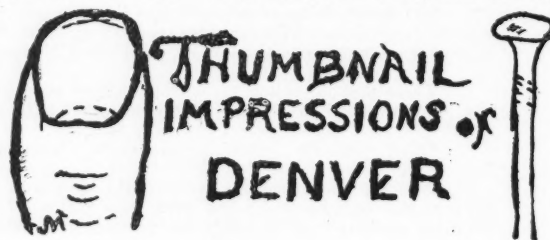
good of the greatest number, had I not been so lightning-quick when that murderous trolley thundered down upon us?

Gwendolyn Caswell Parmelee and Virginia Hartel would be dead. But Lula Hoffman and some dozen others would probably be alive today!

Ah, me; I do wonder!

The tiny toy tyrant who tempted our grins—
The toast of this tank town now trundles two twins!

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Periodicals for the deaf everywhere are urged to combat this newest variation of the Old Army Game—"Never Give the Sucker an Even-break." Bring the matter strongly to the attention of parents and friends of the deaf. So far as is known, not a single authentic case of hearing bettered by an airplane ride has been recorded. Nose-dives put too much strain on the wings of the average airplanes, and the dozen deaths resulting the past three years have been without avail to any except the money-mad airmen.



Deaf men of Denver, our guess was awry—

We sadly misjudged you old top!

"Dismal, dull, doleful and drowsy and dry,

A fizzle, a flivver, a flop,"

We said when they asked us your caliber, scope,

And would your convention be "Grand?"

Could you cope with your hope?....Boys, you sure "knew your rope!"

For you served us the fat of the land!

Deaf folks of Denver, we panned you before,

We feared your Ideals would fall;

Foresaw you would dish out a bothersome bore—

A horrible second-St. Paul.

"Those miners don't assay five dollars the ton,"

We said to our brothers and wives...

Oh, you son-of-a-gun, we got fun for our "mon"—

For you gave us the time of our lives!

No. III

All roads lead to Rome; and the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle equals to the sum of the squares of the other two sides...But Tuesday night, July 12, all roads led to the banquet in the Hall of Colorado (Hotel Cosmopolitan) where—instead of trying to square the triangle—the "triangles" "squared-off before a "square meal!"

Draw up a chair to the banquet so brotherly—

Don't use that napkin to chuckle your chin;

Toy with your edibles tenderly, motherly—

Gosh but this squab is far tougher than sin.

Whoever told you sin is "tough"

Doesn't seem to know his stuff.

Census take of forks and knives—

But keep your eyes off pretty wives:

Do not ask them for a spoon—

Ask the waiter, you dumb loon!



Behold the flora and fauna of fradom...All sorts and conditions of deaf people 350 strong...Ordinary-appearing folks who turn out to be distinguished; upstage upstarts who look distinguished—but turn out to be insignificant pinheads...Everybody is amiable; wearing their best company-manners...The convention thus far has been so supremely superb, all feel sure of getting something good in return for our \$3 per plate... Reporters from the dailies over there, sizing us up. Lettem size: we are a credit to our clan—not palookas, stumblebums and bundle-stiffs!

Walls are decorated with large Canadian and U. S. flags. Behind the dais (raised platform) hangs the gorgeous banner of our Grand Division; also ten division pennants: Los Angeles, Spokane, Kansas City, Wichita, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Flint, Akron, Reading and Rochester... In front of the dais runs a long "speakers' table;" other long tables at right angles to this—filled with high-privates in the ranks of fradom, many in dinner clothes... Why does custom decree wearing "dinner clothes" when we go to supper?... Seems the only way to keep one step ahead of meals is to wear our nightgowns if somebody invites us out to breakfast.

All the swells throwing the swank in tuxedos are accompanied by well-dressed dolls (or undressed, strictly speaking.) Oh, well; Eve by any other name would have been just as naked.

An expectant hush while we wait for the tray-toters to strut their stuff... Meanwhile everybody shyly studies his neighbors... There is Alpha Patterson (San Francisco) with his superiority complex. A fretful young conquistador whose eyes are aflame with enthusiasm... His teammate, Izzy Selig, keen and cunning, is spinning some of his typical Hebrew humor. Nothing wins friends faster than a broad-minded Scot, Jew, or Mick making fun of his own race... The jovial Jew now relates an anecdote of the Golden Gate: "Then Jim Howson (Berkeley)—a goy—sat in on our poker party, dug down into his pantaloons and jettisoned his pocketbook—positively 1886 vintage—opened it, and phooy—oi, yoi—a moth fluttered out!!!"

And Izzy flutters his hands.

Ed Foltz, now football coach at Kansas—remembered as the all-time all-Gallaudet end (teamed with Marshall, '15; now nicknamed "Humpty Dumpty")... Probably buys his collars from a harness store... His kid bride is a beaut... Such facial coloring... She can't check that blush until tomorrow noon.

A. G. Clark (Worcester, Mass.) the perpetual Pollyanna with his golden smile. Wish I had his everlasting good-nature... Another Clark—C. C. of Scranton, Pa. Same name—but what a difference... C. C. Clark—yes I CCC, see?... Thought the papers said the world's biggest bore had just been sunk underneath the Hudson.

Talking about names: Here are the Rev. Homer Grace (Denver) and lay-reader Edwin Hazel (Omaha.) Grace and Hazel are not women; they are He-men—and fine fellows... Wonder will Rev. Grace say Grace before we start to feed our faces?... Frank Pleasant (Delavan, Wis.) is always as pleasant as Pleasant can be, despite a badly crippled leg. Returning in glory to his old home town as a \$ucce\$\$—own car and everything... More of Mohr (Cleveland)... Smoak (Columbia, S. C.) should smoke sometime—here or in the hereafter... Payne (Knoxville, Tenn.) will get a Payneful payne in his midriff if he tries to ride the goat Friday... His teammate is H. G. Midget. Now "Midget" and



"Meag(h)er" mean the same thing—according to the dictionary. Me, I'm a meager midget, all right—but that mutt Midget proves a balloon-type tire well over six-feet tall... What the blue-blazes do the letters WAE stand for, anyhow?

There is that much discussed, muchly cussed, Chief Grand Exalted Top Sergeant of the Sacred Portals—Johnnie Marty (Council Bluffs)... A big husky thug with an overgrown sense of duty. This afternoon I saw him and his aide-de-scamp Joe Cordano (Kalamazoo, Mich.) INSIST everybody present the pass-word before admittance to the business session of the convention... It was all right for him to demand the pass-word from inconsequential no-accounts like Hank and Gib and Bobs, but he should have knelt and salaamed when I, me, myself—the Power of the Press—prowled around, instead of grabbing me by the nape of my neck.

HIM and me!

They say Marty umpires hearing high school baseball games in and around Council Bluffs, Iowa... Council BLUFFS? Ah; that's my chance to write him up as a BIG BLUFF!

That gruff old tough
From Council Bluff—
A bull-necked, doleful douffer,
Is rough enough.
To strut his stuff
As council's Council Bluffer!



He's a whale in the classroom!

Bennie Friedwald (Brooklyn) the Beau Sabreur of Silentdom... "Seeing America First"—one girl at a time... Says one girl is enough for him. But he does not say which one... Robey Burns (Jacksonville, Ill.) over 30, but still blushing like a schoolboy whenever a woman looks at him. Leapyear is his only chance to escape a lonely bachelorhood... Never saw so many stunning deaf women as tonight... The modern girl never puts off tomorrow what she can take off today... Some of these evening gowns ought to be equipped with toy balloons over each shoulder to avoid embarrassing accidents.

Vestal (Durham, N. C.) rolling his own and throwing the bull... Roderick Brown (Syracuse)—I was interested in his pretty sister once, when we were all kids. His sister looked me over—then wisely decided to marry a better man. Brown jibes me on that half-forgotten tragedy of childhood. I try to smile—but even an old man with one foot in the grave feels sorter sensitive at being kidded about Phantom Romances... "Ach Louie" Bacheberle (Cincinnati). He thinks he is a fraternal Lindbergh, but I think he is only a Levine going along with nfsd Chamberlins.

"Lots of the ladies here are in mourning," says Kemp (Chicago)... "How so," you bite. "I see they are wearing their hose at half-mast," he digits back... Garters were originally designed to hold up stockings; now they hold up traffic... We men have too much sense to go around with bare knees—We have sense enough to know that OUR knees are not worth looking at.

Yellowbacks make the men popular; pink backs the women. Ought to be good for another poetic jingle:

Oh, yellowbacks
Win smiles and smacks—
Their crispness makes you tingle;
But, ah, I think
A back of pink
Should finish out this jingle.
So, back to back,
All garbed in black,

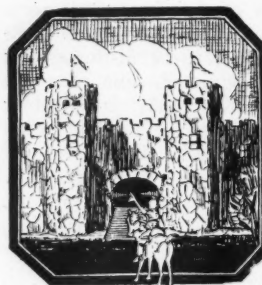
(Let's see, what rhymes with that—black, dak, kak, pack, Jack, nak, sack, rack, yak...nevermind, Mr. Composer, kill the above and dump it in the hell-box).



Some fool asks another fool if he does not think \$3 is pretty steep for this lay-out...Plainly a tenderfoot at banquets...Why, back East in high hearing society, a dinner for fifty is figured at \$10 per plate. Cocktails, champagne and other liquor refreshments total another \$500. The rental of a private diningroom, with lounge and dancing floor, is around \$300. Table decorations about \$200. Dance orchestra \$200; tips about the same amount. \$1900...And those swell blow-outs don't give the guests any greater "kick" than this...I consider \$3 is dirt cheap!

Beautiful women, all decked out in their best bib and tucker...How many sleepless nights of planning, how many puzzled hours over the sewing machine, do these bewitching garments represent?...Every day, in every way, the modern girl grows more attractive!...They are glowing with inward pride, basking in the radiance of our respectful admiration...What is there about a clean-minded, clear-eyed damsel that makes us men instinctively feel like rendering reverent cushla, homage? What makes us feel an impulse to kneel before them, as Galahad knelt before the Holy Grail? I see one exquisite young stranger in particular, the essence of Paradise...rare as an orchard...precious as a pearl...hair flames like an aureole...eyes see beyond the stars...complexion bankrupts the pigments of nature—as radiantly fair as the setting sun upon azure...slim as the proverbial poplar...She has that something—that unmistakable whatever-it-is—that spark of what-would-you-call-it? She is a pearly pagan, rememberable unto the uttermost ends of time...an optical draught of rich, red wine—an ecstatic mirage—a flower whose beauty opens slowly, petal by petal!

She sets me dreaming of perfume from Araby...moonbeams and starlight...green woods and golden sunshine...vague, sweet things which baffle even a poet's vocabu-



lary...Chivalry and crusades...burnished baldrics beaming as the brazen bugles blow...buoyant bannerholes adancing down the wind...Robin Hood and Maid Miriam...Ivanhoe and Rowena...Bayard...Beau Geste!

She is a Faery queen stepped out of some ancient tome...shapely soul above mundane things...a beautiful sonnet set to music of the spheres! Ah, she is looking my way at last. But seems displeased. Gives me a dirty look, as though to say: "Gazooks, forsooth and odsbodkins: beshrew me, knave, why rubberest thou so rudely?"

Oh! why did an all-wise Nature give me the soul of a poet-dreamer—and the face of an evil-minded thug?

Laugh and the world laughs with you; smile and you're just a flirt...Damsels spend their lives dreaming golden dreams of the royal Road of Romance...argosies to Arcady...spotless knights in shining armor—and the darn fools wouldn't recognize real Romance if it came up and smacked them full in the face. The 1927 Ideals seem to be Boulevard Bedouins, Asphalt Arabs, and Sidewalk Sheiks!... Pass the potatoes.



I have spent the better part of my worthless life studying women, and now—in the sear and yellow leaf—I know less about them than when I started...Don't know a darn thing about the darn things...Nobody does—not even a wise man like Gibson...Which may be the reason why Gibson, the wise guy, gives them a wide berth...Oh, well, women were brought into this world to be loved—not to be understood.

There is the venerable Veditz, with his nose like a Bartlett pear...A leading authority says brains are in direct proportion to the size of one's beak—sniffer—smeller—probiscus...May be something in that theory—look at Veditz, Gibson, Izzy Selig and Howard...Especially Howard. Oscar Regensberg used to tell us



Flick

Leiter

Roberts

Mueller

Pach

Nessam

Northern

how Howard went hunting in the Minnesota woods one day, met a moose, and they mistook each other for cousins.

The Big Bugs at the speakers' table are manfully trying to act as if they were unaware everybody is sizing them up. Handsome Harry Leiter sitteth solo. . . His Eminence, the Right (and wrong, as usual) Reverend Flick beams benignantly beside his wealthy wife. "Bobs" Roberts our celebrated Nad President, with his ball-and-chain, chattering with "Jumbo" Mueller and his storm-and-strife. Neither man has to think up high-brow bromides to spring in a banquet screech tonight. Alex Pach, friend of the late Teddy Roosevelt, with Mae Allison, a San Francisco divorcee. Trust those metropolitan mug-takers and their glib gift of gab. . . The F'd'k Neesams (Delavan, Wis.); Mr. as colorless as a cold potato, Mrs. as colorful and playful as a kitten. . . "Thunderin' Tom" Northern and his wife. Thomas' thought-eaten brow is corrugated and corroded with affairs of state; but Mrs. is elate in her element. For three years she has looked blissfully forward to this night-of-nights when—as the wife of the Main Cog in the Steam Roller—she will be monarchess of all she surveys at a Historical Epoch. . . Come to think of it, those poor women get little glory in this man-made world. . . And they work hard, too, to help us selfish brutes "put the big deal across." . . Mrs. Tom deserves all the thrills coming to her, tonight. . . Give the girl a hand, boys!

Next sits an Indiana bank-clerk known by the name of Harry C. Anderson. Wonder what the "C" stands for? Maybe it stands because it can't sit down. . . Harry's partner is a Mrs. Harry—the charming young widow of the late Harry S. Smith, the man who used to write superb articles of out-door life for the hearing magazines and the SILENT WORKER. . . Toastmaster Frankie Lessley and wife, sitting cheek-by-jowl with a couple by the name of Gibson. First name Francis, I believe. . . Possibly you may have heard of them before.

Homer Grace, and his graceful clinging-vine. . . "Mad Mullah" O'Leary (Spokane) with Blanche Spaur from Butte, Montana. . . Bill Fugate (Louisville) and Mrs. Emma Seeley (Omaha). . . Russel Handley and young Eleanor McGowan, both from Los Angeles. Eleanor's

uncle directs those famous "Our Gang" comedies. Handley looks like Tom Meigan used to when younger. . . Henry Morris (Miami) Florida. . . Keep your eye peeled on this pair: the fur

should fly when they start their everlasting argument on the relative merits of Florida and California as to climate, sunshine, bathing beauties, and fleas. . . (Page Tin Star.)

Whew, what a lot of fillers-in at this speaker' table. . . Craig. . . Mrs. Simpson and her hubby. . . Jaffray, the Canuck. . . Battersby. . . Barnes — now what's HE doing here? Trust him to horn into the picture, somehow or other. I begin to surmise just what "Hoppy" meant on the train, by stating "Barnes will someday be a second-Meagher." . . The regal Regina Harvat, and her fisherman-hubby. His biggest catch was made on his wedding day. . . The Whitakers. . . Those seem to be about all who have a legal right to be listed as occupying the official "speakers' table" — though over a dozen others have signed the sheet I passed around. . . If those bozoos think I am going to print their names for anything less than a tip of a good five-cent-cigar, they are cuckoo!

(Jack Kondell, the talented deaf Chicago cartoonist, has drawn striking cartoons of some of those gazooks—a remarkable feat considering the fact he never even saw several of the individuals. The cartoons feature the bottom of these pages.)

Sudden flurry: hash-slinging tray-toters trip the light fantastic clog and come to rescue starving refugees. . . Gawd bless the men who invented gas-ranges, cook-books, and false-teeth. . . Everything on the swindle-sheet is eaten with great gusto—no, I mean with knife and fork. . . This bill-of-fare is interesting—but so is the fare-of-the-bill, \$3 each, cash in advance, no C. O. D. or phone orders accepted.

One banquet is much like any other—until the fun begins. . . My table-companion happens to be that tall Texan, Troy Hill—who scribbles for the SILENT WORKER when not deputy-clerking, golfing, or barking his 45-caliber Colt at tin cans on the lone prairie. Yes, the same clever coot who coined the slogan "Meaghering Meagher." . . Hill is engrossed in two charming squab chickens. One is on his plate, the other on his right. Introduces her as his wife. . . Hill's taste in wives is much better than his taste in poetry!

Writer Publisher Porter, sending proofs: "You sent us enough dope to fill 14 pages. Boil it down. Then boil some more. And keep on boiling. Don't spare the blue pencil—else I will." Dear me, some editors can be SO snappy. A couple thousand words of banquet banter is thrown in the hell-box (probably the part having YOUR name—don't blame me, fond heart, I think of thee constantly!

(To be continued)



Lessley

Anderson

Gibson

Grace

Harvat

Craig

With The Silent Workers

By Alexander L. Pach



IT IS a very long time since the *Illinois Advance* reached this desk, so it came to me second hand, but nevertheless appreciated, through the *Companion*, that Mr. Fancher and his band will not, hereafter, be featured as deaf musicians. That is as it should be. When these bands first came about, and their existence reached the newspapers, the reporters played up the thing in sensational ways, for here was an eighth wonder of the world. After a while those in authority at schools for the deaf seemed to think it no harm to let this get by, since it advertised the school, and all enterprises take all the advertising they can get. The fact that it was farthest from possible that deaf men could become musicians saw few exceptions taken, and the school papers did not see fit to take exception, and it was only here and there that any deaf writer protested at the harm done.

And now when the Illinois school band goes on tour again, it will be stressed that its leader and the players are hard of hearing, and that's all. Even as hard of hearing men they will gain laurels if they produce results on the strength of their musical ability, in spite of defective hearing, and not under the false banner that they are totally deaf people.

There have been two notable features in the l.p.f., that stand out as literary achievements. One is Dr. Harris Taylor's autobiography, which, in the author's delectable and inimitable humorous style tells an acutely interesting story of his life. It will rank with the choicest.

The other is a tribute from Mr. James Frederick Meagher's pen, to the late Mrs. Rosella Sweet Padden, a Minnesota girl who died recently in Chicago, literally mourned by all the deaf of that city.

It is a new angle on Mr. Meagher's ability as a writer, but one is never surprised at anything that comes from Mr. Meagher's pen. Though his writings are often of the Hearsty slam-slash-bang type and he can wax wild and extravagant over things few of us get excited about, he can be a keen word painter and a fine analyst, as some of his Denver descriptive stuff shows, the tribute to Mrs. Padden is far and away the best thing he has ever done.

Mr. Gray, who writes the Windy City criticisms, rushes in where angels fear to tread when he beards the Lion Hamrick in his den over the Southern Association of the Deaf. I haven't time to stop and untie the mixed metaphor, but when it comes to contributions to the press of the deaf world Mr. Gray and Mr. Hamrick are in a class all by themselves. If a debate between the two gentlemen could be arranged here in New York, and if I were allowed to press agent the affair, I would guarantee to market at least 100 tickets at \$1.00 each, and give the deaf a debate as would be a debate. And how!

Mr. Gray, undoubtedly with the best interests of the Illinois Home at heart, and because he has been a hard worker in the cause and a heavy contributor, he criticizes the authorities in charge of the Home for having placed it right in one of Chicago's really fine residential sections.

The only reason I am mentioning this here is that when we were taken on a tour of Chicago, enroute to St. Paul, and were shown the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf I was struck by the delightfulness of the location. Here were the aged, the tired and worn, not banished to dullness and sombreness of the backwoods and hinterland, but, joy of joys to people who cannot hear, they could live right in the heart of a wonderful big city where the tediousness of life, and life for a deaf person is tedious enough at its best, can be relieved by the frequent visits from relatives and friends, and these same visitors can take them out to the churches, the theatres, and gatherings of their fellow deaf, and treat them to rides in their motor cars and in other ways gladden lives that God know need gladdening.

Nothing said here is in the least derogatory to those splendid homes for the aged that New York, Ohio, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are so justly proud of, and the Massachusetts Home, being right near Boston, and the Ohio Home at least handy to Columbus, and the Pennsylvania Home close to Philadelphia. The Galaudet Home is several hours journey from New York, and it is expensive to travel there, still it seems to me if we had a Home for the Deaf up in Bronx as well as the one near Poughkeepsie, and a prospective deaf boarder had his choice of the two, I know which he would select.

Mr. Gray makes other statements that I have no doubt will be handled by others who know more of the situation Mr. Gray tears up, and some of his language that brings in "boiled shirt peddlers" is a bit too hefty for me, and besides I never saw one as we do not have them in the territory I inhabit, but when Mr. Gray says of the Southern Association movement:

***** But in spite of this the South has cultivated an adamant spirit because of its intrinsically spontaneous desires instead of resting on a sand of bedrock, I am very sorry to say it rests upon the solitary sands of self aggrandizement and it is only a matter of time till the impetuous and erosive winds of chance confirm my belief."

He certainly betrays an utter lack of fear of what is in store for him when the "erosive winds of chance" or, what have you, waft Mr. Hamrick's rejoinder to the SILENT WORKER editor's desk.

Here is our esteemed contemporary, the *Michigan Mirror*, reprinting the Barron "Charity Ear" oration, and seemingly giving it credence and approval because of the absence of any strictures on its gross inaccuracies.

On Saturday evening March 3rd, in Brooklyn Borough of the City of New York, Division No. 23 of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf was host to fifteen hundred people, mostly all deaf people, which makes it the largest assemblage of deaf people ever gathered together.

For years and years this affair has assembled larger and larger gatherings because it has come to be recognized as the one event when almost all the deaf come together. Larger and better halls are sought for by Brooklyn Division each year, in the hope of being able to take care of all who wish to attend New York's premier event, with the result that until this year there was barely space for those who wished to dance, and

the grand march of the merry masqueraders was, until now, barely possible.

Arcadia Hall housed the turnout comfortably, though the balconies that previous halls provided were missing.

Brooklyn Division is mother to perhaps a thousand "Frats," as besides her membership of nearly three hundred, all the divisions in New York state and the two in New Jersey had for founders many members of "23," and most of the original members of the Manhattan and Bronx Divisions were sons of "23," so with such a vast number of members and former members, Brooklyn would not need to do any boosting for its annual mask affair further than to announce the place and date.

In fact, only last summer Chairman Hitchcock of the picnic committee did the daring thing of bringing about the affair without having any tickets printed, but the crowd came just the same, and when Mr. Hitchcock was asked: "Supposing it had been a rainy day?" he only smiled and replied: "Well, it wasn't." Optimist? I'll say so.

Then the affair came off during Lent which would materially lessen the attendance if any other organization was sponsoring the affair, but the crowd came just the same, and, too, came leaders of the church organizations that makes strongest observance of the Lenten season, but one of the leaders told me that in his church the previous Sunday, the officiating clergyman told his people that things are not what they used to be and harmless diversion while not sanctioned, were not, on the other hand prohibited.

There are nearly twenty organizations of the deaf in Greater New York, and some of these affairs given by them are attended by their own membership, who never go to other organization's gala affairs. Some of the church organizations enjoy large "outside" patronage, but do not return the compliment when sister organizations entertain, but "23"'s membership covers, to some extent, all the other organizations, so everybody turns out for the "23" affair, many of them never being met at any other public affair, and some coming only once in every few years, but if you will attend three of these affairs in succession, and take up your post near the entrance, you will see everybody you have known for years and years.

But there is also a big turnout New Englanders, upstate New Yorkers, numbers from New Jersey and Pennsylvania sends its quota, and many distant points are represented as well.

I was witness of a meeting between a girl from North Dakota and a girl from Colorado, who had known each other in St. Louis, Mo., but neither knew that the other was a New Yorker too, and as they met, two others from Colorado and one from Nebraska looked on.

Well, New York is the metropolis of the whole world, and a "Brooklyn 23" reception is a world beater for a gathering of the clans.

Death has taken a heavy toll from the ranks of the men who have made their mark as educators of the deaf. And three of them Walkers, Albert and Horace brothers, and N. Tefft, who was no relation, and Richard Otto Johnson. The first named, Dr. A. H. Walker left an endurable monument to his interest in and his love for the deaf, in the Florida school's outstanding supremacy, and the Indiana school was, in large part, the creation of Mr. Johnson; at least he furnished the ideas and the inspiration. It is hard to add anything to the

obituary notices that have appeared in the I. p. f., except to add that the deaf world has lost, irreparably, in the passing of all four of the quartette.

This is threshing over old straw, of course, but with a purpose. Ask a normal person (that is, one having his five senses complete, though I have known some that fortunate who were not as normal as some other people with but three or four of the complete outfit of senses) which he would rather be, if he had to be deaf or blind, and he will, of course, say deaf.

A deaf person will make the same reply, but a blind person will invariably take the reverse view of the matter. Just *en passant*, I detailed in this column, some years ago, my meeting at the bedside of a sick friend in a hospital here, another friend of the patient, who was blind, and despite that handicap, was a member of the New Jersey legislature, and he asked, with pride, if a totally deaf man could achieve that honor, and I had to acknowledge that he could not. Since then my blind legislative friend attempted suicide, and that is a very rare occurrence in the deaf world, and I have only known it to happen twice in a wide-spread acquaintance in the deaf world numbering several thousand deaf and in this instance both of those who destroyed themselves did so under stress of troubles that clouded their minds.

All these thoughts came about after reading an article in a daily paper telling of a meeting between Mayor Walker and a number of blind newsdealers, at the "Lighthouse for the Blind" here in New York, the purpose of which was stated as being:

"To give the blind better appreciation of their duties as citizens, and to show the public officials the problems of the blind."

And we, who are deaf are so much better off in that we do not need to be taught our duties as citizens, and as a class, we have no generic problems to interest the public's officials in.

Another word on the Gallaudet Memorial, this time brought about by some one's public urge that the deaf subscribe to show the United States Government how grateful the deaf are for what the Government gives them free at Gallaudet.

When it comes to that, our government finds it so essential to educate men to be officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, that it not only educates them, gives them free medical and dental care, boards them, and on top of all this, pays them a salary as well while being educated.

Of course, in a way, we are all grateful for what a beneficent government does for us, but Uncle Sam doesn't expect us to put up any buildings for him.

Since the above was written Allen Hitchcock, one of the hardest workers in all causes of the deaf, passed to his reward on March 10th., mourned by all who knew him.

Father: "Ned, why are you always at the bottom of your class?"

Ned: "It really doesn't matter, Dad. We get the same instruction at both ends of the class."

"Mr. Adam," asked the professor in the freshmen class, "what three words are used most among college students?" "I don't know," said the student. "Correct," replied the professor.

The Silent Worker

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ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

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No. 7



Not Closed

The Chefoo School in North China was not closed as incorrectly reported by our Los Angeles correspondent some time ago. The Principal of the School says: "The Chefoo School has *not* been closed, except for the regular summer vacation as usual. The teachers have *not* fled; they took their annual vacation as usual. And the buildings have *not* been used by Chinese soldiers. During the summer vacation the buildings were occupied by foreigners who were refugees.

New Laurels

Architect Marr continues to win new laurels. With his partner, Mr. Holman, he has drawn the plans for many of the public buildings in Nashville and other places. His most recent orders include a new \$300,000 stadium for the Toledo American Association Baseball Club, modelled after the one they drew for Nashville.

A Correction

On next page will be found an "Answer to Criticism" which we are glad to print and set aright what appears to be a wrong done to the managers of the Illinois Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

It is sometimes hard to distinguish between constructive and destructive criticism and when we err in our judgment, we are glad to apologize for any injury done by any of our correspondents.

Accepts Terry's Story

The Crowell Publishing Company has advised Howard L. Terry, that his article, "Monument to a Dog," has been accepted by the editor of "The Mentor," one of our very highest rated intellectual magazines. The story is about Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron, and the monument he raised over the grave of his dog there at his ancestral home, Newstead. At least ten articles by Mr. Terry have been accepted by high class magazines and publishers.

This success of Mr. Terry's is worth recording, and we feel that our readers will rejoice with him. The success of the handicapped, whether he be blind, deaf or crippled, should receive all the applause and encouragement that they deserve.

Pach Still Going Strong

Like wine the photograph work of Mr. Pach, of New York, seems to improve with age. The photograph of Mr. Frankenheim on first page in last issue is a fine example of the work he has been turning out, although Mr. Pach passed the sixtieth milestone in his life's journey two years ago.

Interesting Information

From Mrs. I. V. Jenkins, wife of Professor Weston Jenkins, former Superintendent-Principal of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, furnishes the subjoined interesting information, perhaps not generally known. Mrs. Jenkins, now well past three score and ten is making her home in Rome, N. Y., within easy reach of her son Weston Jr., one of the prominent men in that city.

My dear Mr. Porter:

In reading the many lives of those who early helped the deaf to an education I have wondered why an item is left out. De l'Epee was teaching his first class during the dreadful revolution in France when the lower class was trying to get rid of those who had noble blood. Now, it is said De l'Epee was descended from the higher class and had noble blood—and feared his turn might come but went on with his work teaching the deaf. At last officers did come to carry him away—he made no fight. A friend living in another house put his head out of the window and called out: "Don't touch that man—he is the one who has a school for the deaf and is teaching them how to read and live." The officers dropped him and let him go. He was never arrested or troubled again, which is fortunate for the deaf.

Not so very long ago I was reading the English translation of some French letters written by a gifted lady to her daughter. I am sorry I have forgotten her name. They were so good and models for other writers that they were published in two volumes after her death.

I came across one that described her maid who was a deaf-mute. She was so useful and pleasant that she had won the respect of her mistress, also her love. She described her personally and how they managed to converse. (Signs I think). So well trained was the maid that she never had to reprove her. This happened years ago.

I. V. JENKINS.

Rome, N. Y.

An Answer to "Criticism"



FRIENDS of the Illinois Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf resent the article "Criticism" by Mr. Thomas Gray in the February *Silent Worker*.

Mr. Gray is either ignorant of the facts or he is deliberately misleading his readers. It is kindest to think that he is ignorant of the facts, because he seldom visits the Home to gain first information from personal observation.

Mr. Gray's sincerity of motive is seriously questioned. If he really wants to improve the Home, why did not he make his suggestions first to the Board, or to the Board of Directors of the Illinois Association of the Deaf? If he made his criticism to the Board and they took no action and made no explanation to him, then he would be justified in writing for publication. But to publish first, without making any criticism directly to the Board, is unfair, insulting and inexcusable.

To correct the misrepresentations in Mr. Gray's article, we write now.

Summing up his article, we find his objection are as follows:

1. Location of the Home in City.
2. Value of the Building.
3. Representation of Deaf Societies on Board.
4. Reports of Finances, etc.
5. Ownership by the Illinois Association of the Deaf.
6. Outsiders (hearing people) on Board, especially chairman.
7. Benefit Meetings and Parties at Home.

These points are easily answered, one by one.

I. IN REGARD TO LOCATION OF THE HOME.

Mr. Gray wants the Home moved to a suburb or country where

- (1) The old people can have gardens to keep their interest in life.
- (2) They won't have to risk their lives in crossing busy streets.

ANSWER: The old people would be very lonely in the country. (1) They keep interest in life by being where people can come to visit them and they can attend churches, meetings, amusements. (2) No one has been injured in the four years since the Home was established, the boulevard being guarded by stop-lights and policemen.

Also there are forty-one Homes for Aged People and Orphans all within Chicago. The Cleveland Orphans' Home (Jewish), moved from city to country, was brought back to the city.

Having the Home in the city makes it easier to arouse interest by bringing visitors to see the Home than if it were in a suburb or country location hard to reach.

II. VALUE OF THE BUILDING. He thinks the value has decreased.

ANSWER: Mr. Gray is not a real estate expert or he would know that the building can be sold any time for \$1300. The colored people have money and will pay that amount. Some real estate men make a practice of buying up property in the path of the coming negro invasion and selling it again to negroes—at a profit.

A suburban location does not insure steady rising values. Just now suburban real estate values are falling in many places.

III. REPRESENTATION OF DEAF SOCIETIES ON THE BOARD.

ANSWER: The present Board already has representatives of the Pas a Pas, the Silent Athletic Circle, the Illinois Alumni Association, the Oralists' Club, the All Angels' Episcopal Church, the Chicago Methodist Mission, the Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Association of the Deaf, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Chicago Chapter, a representative from the Deaf of Northern Illinois, Central Illinois and Southern Illinois, and two hearing people at large with one more hearing person yet to be chosen.

Due credit has been given the societies that furnished the rooms by the placing of bronze tablets on the doors.

IV. REPORTS OF FINANCES, ETC.

ANSWER: Regular annual reports are being made to the President of the Illinois Association of the Deaf and at the I. A. D. conventions. Interested truth-seekers are welcome to visit the Home and Board Meetings at any time.

V. OWNERSHIP BY THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

Mr. Gray says: It is better to avoid being selfish and call the Home the property of the deaf of Illinois; in this way organizations may be born, live their lives, then pass away without effecting the status of the Home.

ANSWER: This is legally impossible. A definite, responsible corporation must be the owner of a building. The Illinois Association of the Deaf is a corporation, open to any deaf resident of Illinois. If some of the deaf are not members, it is through their own neglect to join and they have only themselves to blame. The Home is owned and maintained according to the laws of Illinois. No other way is possible.

VI. OUTSIDERS (hearing people) ON THE BOARD, ESPECIALLY CHAIRMAN.

Mr. Gray thinks there should be no hearing people on the Board of a Home established by the deaf.

ANSWER: But—the deaf alone did not raise all the money to establish and maintain the Home. Thousands of dollars have been given by interested hearing friends. Of course, there is a deaf world and a hearing world, but they can never progress by fighting each other. We co-operate with hearing people in matters of business and education to our advantage, without question. So in managing the affairs of the Home, if we can benefit by the experience of hearing people, we save ourselves from the costly blunders of inexperience that we would make if we tried to do it by ourselves. Other state Homes for the Aged Deaf, established before ours, have hearing members, e. g., the New York, the Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and the New England.

Mr. Milton R. Hart, the hearing chairman especially attacked in Mr. Gray's article, is a life member of the Illinois Association of the Deaf, and a brother of the late Harry R. Hart in whose memory he labors to befriend the deaf. Mr. Hart has had experience on the Board of the Jewish Orphans' Home of Cleveland, as did his father before him, and is now active in the Board of the Home for Aged Jews, a large institution here in Chicago. He has business ability and has brought many contributions from his friends. Our relations with him are happy and beneficial.

Scandal sometimes touches people in high places—such as skyscraper apartments, for example.

SPORTS IN GENERAL

Edited By Frederick A. Moore

Minnesota School for the Deaf Joins Sportsmanship Brotherhood

THE MINNESOTA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF has recently become a member of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood, which has for its object the spreading and fostering of the spirit of sportsmanship throughout the world.

The Code of Sportsmanship as set forth by the Brotherhood is:

- Keep the rules.
- Keep faith with your comrade.
- Keep your temper.
- Keep yourself fit.
- Keep a stout heart in defeat.
- Keep your pride under in victory.
- Keep a sound soul, a clean mind, and a healthy body.
- Play the game.

At the Commencement exercise of the School next May, the copyrighted bronze emblems carrying the design of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood will be awarded to a number of the most representative sportsmen of the School. Samples of the emblem have all ready been received and it will be a great honor to wear one of these. Certificates of award, suitable for framing, will also be given to those awarded the emblem.

The beautiful charter showing membership in the organization has been received and will be framed and hung in the boys' reading room.

It is believed that membership in this Organization and the awarding of its emblem, will do much to foster good sportsmanship at the School.

The Athletic Director, who is taking care of the matter, has a letter from Mr. Daniel Chase, Executive Secretary of the Brotherhood, assuring him that other schools for the deaf will be welcome to membership. Associate membership costs but two dollars so no school should hesitate to join.

Some suggestions as to how to start a chapter are given below:

SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO START A CHAPTER OF THE SPORTSMANSHIP BROTHERHOOD IN A SCHOOL

The principal, director, or some one who knows how to talk to high school students, should first present Sportsmanship to the student body at Assembly. Stories taken from the handbook on Sportsmanship and inspiring poems like the ones by Edgar Guest, Berton Brayley and Sir Henry Newbolt may be used to good effect. The Code of Sportsmanship should be carefully read and its application in athletics and other school activities should be explained.

Next, the students should be asked if they agree with the Code of Sportsmanship and the motto "Play Fair" and if they wish their school to unite with other schools, colleges and clubs in an organization whose aim is to foster and spread the spirit of Sportsmanship throughout the world.

If the student vote is favorable they might then be asked if they are willing to take the following pledge as individuals: "I will do my best, in all the activities of life, to play fair and keep the Code of Sportsmanship." This pledge may be taken by the entire group standing with the right hand raised, repeating in unison after the principal.

In a state where the Athletic Association, or some other group, is an organization member of the National Brother-

hood, a local school may secure its charter from the proper officer of that association. If there is no state organization member having jurisdiction, the school may apply for charter direct to the Central Office of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood at 342 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The next move in organization should be the election of officers and appointment of committees. In many schools the officers of the student council already existing or of the school athletic association, are designated to serve as officers of the local Chapter of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood and no new machinery is necessary. Special committees may be assigned, (1) to report on Sportsmanship exhibited in the different inter-scholastic games; (2) to consider ways of encouraging and recognizing good sportsmanship; (3) to arrange assembly programs, dramatic presentations, discussion of topics, debates, etc; (4) to help look after visiting teams and spectators to see that they are treated as guests.

The Chapter is privileged, to award to its most representative sportsmen each year, the copyrighted bronze emblems carrying the design of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood. Both sexes are equally eligible. The number of students who may thus be honored is limited according to the size of the school, ten buttons being the maximum for a small school, twenty the maximum for schools with 300 enrollment and thirty for schools with 500. Schools with 50 to 1000 pupils are allowed forty awards and schools of more than 1000 would be allowed fifty. These pins or buttons cost fifteen cents each and may be ordered direct from the official supply house.

The usual method followed in selecting the students who will thus be honored at the end of the year is to secure a composite opinion of the student body and faculty. The general attitude of the student is of primary importance since sportsmanship is a spiritual quality and may be exhibited by a student suffering from a physical handicap which would prevent his or her ever becoming a member of any athletic team. It is tested by daily conduct in the classroom and the corridor, as well as on the playground or in the gymnasium. The candidates who prove themselves physically fit, which means having all remediable defects corrected, must then prove to the satisfaction of student associates and teachers that they are really living the Code of Sportsmanship. The votes of the students indicate their opinion and will serve two purposes—informing members how their conduct has impressed their fellows and giving the principal and faculty leaders a line on what the students themselves conceive sportsmanship to be. If it is decided to award the honor emblem or recognition button the students selected to wear it should receive it on some public occasion when the significance of the button and all that it stands for should be explained. Some chapters have used a ritual which has helped to make the presentation impressive.

There are many other tasks to which the school chapter can apply itself, particularly the educating of the general public to its obligations in sportsmanship. The use of suggestions in programs, posters and in local papers has been found helpful. The school paper can be very useful, and supplies of inspirational poems and stories are available. The headquarters office of the Brotherhood will assist Chapters by serving as a medium for the exchange of ideas and programs, by securing speakers, the arranging for state, district and national conferences, and by maintaining a clearing house for all matters having to do with the technique of the development of the spirit of sportsmanship.

The above is presented to the readers of the SILENT WORKER with the hope that it will help to promote the spirit of Sportsmanship among the deaf of our Country and the World.

WESLEY LAURISTEN.

Athletic Director, School for the Deaf, Faribault, Minn.

A Day in the School for the Deaf, Rangoon, Burma



SIX O'CLOCK in the morning! There is a rustle and bustle in the dormitories of the school as the children wake up and prepare to come down to "chota" or early breakfast. Soon there is an expectant little procession through the covered way to the food room in the bungalow. Miss Walden, Ma Sein Tha and the other helpers are already there and cocoa or coffee is ready for each child with a slice of bread, and sometimes, as a great treat, jam. This meal over, each child attacks its own particular job. The whole of the school building is cleaned by the children under the supervision of the teachers-in-training. Some children sweep the floors with soft native brushes, other rub the teak boards until they are beautifully polished. Then there are the beds to be made, the furniture to be dusted and all the usual routine of room and corridor cleaning to be done. The babies are in the garden pulling up some of the little weeds on the paths and very proud of the nice little heaps they are collecting!

At eight the school bell rings, and Miss Chapman takes prayers in the drill room. No eyes are shut at prayers for all are intently watching the lips of the leader and following her words. The children repeat together a simple verse of thanksgiving and after, the Lords prayer. Outside the open window the busy life of Rangoon has begun and people of all nationalities are hurrying over the railway bridge. The murmur of sound reaches them for they often glance in our direction and stay a moment to watch. I often wonder if they are surprised to hear the so called "dumb" joining so seriously in prayer and praise. Each child who is able to speak at all says or lisps a text, and it is a proud moment for the happy child who earns a word of commendation from Miss Chapman for a verse repeated extra well! Just now the first class are learning the commandments, they have learned the first four and I am sure you would be surprised at their clear articulation. After prayers the babies struggle with the mysteries of voice production and a chorus of babbling comes from the end of the room where Ma Sein Tha, the certificated Karen teacher is in command. Meanwhile the first class are being drilled by Miss Walden in accent, rhythm and phrasing of sentences. Language lessons follow, dictation and composition and then arithmetic. At 10-30 morning school closes, the three day boys go home for a meal, and the others again traverse the covered way to have their real breakfast, consisting of appetising rice and curry.

Well fortified by this satisfying meal, they return to the schoolroom to spend a happy hour in industrial work. Bolo weaves, Tin-Pong and some of the others do drawn thread work and the rest make lace or sew. The babies are learning to sew quite nicely.

Soon after twelve all the children have baths in the excellent little sponge down cubicles provided for that purpose, and then all go for the mid-day rest. After two o'clock we meet again, a quarter of an hour's drill wakes every body up and lessons begin once more. The elder children have simple lessons in general information, geography, or any topical subject that may afford a fruitful hour. Drawing lessons are given in the afternoons too, and the walls of the schoolroom are often decorated by brightly coloured crayon efforts, on brown paper of course. Work is put away at four and the children have their last meal of the day. It is nice to hear the words, "Oh

God, we thank You for good food" repeated reverently all together before every meal. The children's playhour comes next, and it is devoted to happy games, or kite flying and making a scamper in the garden when the weather is fit. At six, quiet reigns again the first class have home work to do and the little ones play with kindergarten toys or draw on the blackboard, etc. On Tuesdays and Fridays, prep., hour is omitted, team games and club practice form a diverting and profitable alternative. Seven o'clock in the evening! It is dark by this time and the lights are on. All gather in a semicircle for evening prayers, "Jesus Tender Shepherd hear me," we are sure He does, looking down with loving compassion on these little ones of His flock, gathered from the corners of this dark land into the circle of His Love and Light. Good night is said and then the cheery little crew trot off happily to their comfortable airy bedrooms, the elder boys, only remaining up another hour for a little fun and quiet games in the bungalow.

BORN

February 19, 1928—To Mr. and Mrs. Frankie R. Smith, of Washington, D.C., a boy, named Foy Franklin.

DIED

January 13, 1928, at Olathe, Kansas, Joseph H. Cartwright, aged 72 years, 11 months, 17 days. Buried in the family lot in the Olathe Cemetery Jan 15. Was educated at the Illinois School and for thirty years instructor in the Shoe Shop of the Kansas School.

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM, ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF



Front—Left to right: Lillia Johnston, center; Lomax Jones, forward; Lucile Jones, forward; Mae Johnston, forward. Behind—Florence Bridges, center; Lolor Hardy, guard; Jaunita Bice, guard; Hattie Kilgore, center.

The Argonaut

By J. W. Howson



HE NEAR commercialism of television raises the question as to what extent the invention will benefit the deaf. Only time will tell, but there can be no doubt, but that television when put to practical use will play an important part in the life of the deaf. As an illustration we now have dial operation of the telephone. This does away with the "Hello" to central and enables the person making the call to mechanically ring the phone of the party with whom he desires to get into conversation. It is obvious that by substituting some sort of lighting device in place of the bell at the receiver's end, as is now the case with door bell attachments in many of the homes for the deaf, means of communication could be established between two deaf persons, or between a person deaf and one hearing. But there the matter must end, for there is no means for carrying the spoken word over the wires so that it may be received by one deaf.

At this point television may make itself manifest. With a television attachment to the phone, which would enable each party to view the other as it were in a mirror, communication would be at once established. It could be carried on by means of signs, and finger spelling, or speech and lip-reading. Such an attachment while not impossible, for nothing in the realm of invention may be termed impossible, cannot be hoped for in the immediate future. Scientists at work on the complicated machinery of the television apparatus tell us that it is bulky and expensive and for the present can be used only in special places under special conditions. Presumably we will be enabled by paying our way into specially constructed buildings to witness on a screen, very much as moving pictures are shown now, re-

productions of events happening at the same time at any distant point. The deaf would gladly part with their shekels to thus witness on the screen a championship



Second prize at the California Association of the Deaf masquerade went to Miss Esther Anderson, who impersonated a valentine. The number of masks was larger than usual, resulting in many original and unique costumes being exhibited.



Miss Ruth Marshall, as a butterfly, won first prize at the Washington's Birthday masquerade given by the California Association of the Deaf in San Francisco. As C. J. LeClercq, artist, was judge of the awards there could be no opposition to the decision.

baseball or football game. Even a speech by the President would be interesting, notwithstanding they didn't hear his words, which would surely be sent along over the radio as an accompaniment to the pictures. The next step in invention would be to throw television pictures on small screens into every home from some central distributing plant, as is now done by means of the radio. Then would come the telephone attachment. It should come because it will be an aid to the hearing as well as to the deaf, for it will enable objects to be shown over the "Wires", as well as the parties in communication.

But perhaps the writer is visualizing too much. Inventions, the great ones are not made for the benefit of the deaf. But at least one came as an aftermath of an effort to assist the deaf. I refer, as every well informed deaf person can surmise, to the invention of the telephone. Some modern inventions have been of little or no benefit to the deaf and such would seem at first thought to be the case with the telephone. That this is not so is shown by the frequent use which the deaf make of the telephone. The only disadvantage that they have and it is a great one, is that they must get some one else to do the phoning and the advantages of personal contact are thus lost. Amongst other modern

inventions, the radio and phonograph are of benefit to the deaf only on special occasions and under special circumstances.

To me it seems that the invention of the electric light has been one of the greatest of these inventions to the



To Miss Mabel Smith, as a periot, went the Cad's third prize at their recent masquerade. In conjunction with the masquerade, a play in which more than twenty took part was given.

deaf. Printing, writing and the sign language we may relegate to inventions of the past. Hearing devices specially invented for the deaf I am not considering. The electric light is a comparatively modern invention. It gives us light abundantly, quickly, and conveniently in all places that electric wiring can reach. It is the inestimable advantage to the deaf as well as to the hearing. Comparatively speaking it is of greater advantage to the deaf, for without light the deaf are lost.

Next in advantage to the deaf, amongst modern inventions, I would place the automobile. Pleasure loving deaf might rate moving pictures above the automobile, but while moving pictures have their benefit as a relaxation, the automobile not only has this but also benefits the deaf commercially. A deaf man's social and business connections are usually much "diluted" by the great mass of hearing contacts. Nothing serves to cut through this dilution so quickly for the deaf as transportation by automobile.

This will naturally bring up the question as to what advantage the development of airplane travel is going to accrue to the deaf. It seems that very few of the deaf are travelling by air routes and fewer still, if any, are operating their own planes. If automobile travel forecasts anything then individual operation of airplanes will be the thing of the future. As at present conducted, to manipulate an airplane, a keen sense of equilibrium is necessary. In this respect many of the deaf are lacking. If they cannot walk steadily in the dark, they certainly cannot operate an airplane in the clouds or fog or at night. Mechanical inventions can

overcome this difficulty. Pneumatic tires and the gas engine paved the way for the invention of the automobile, but popular use of the latter dates from the invention of the self starter. Likewise with the airplane. There seems to be something lacking. Perhaps we need a stabilizer, which would keep airplanes on an even wing. Then there is the great space required for taking off and landing with an airplane. An air-port is a big thing requiring many acres of land. One notes how deftly a sea gull may alight and take off from a small piece of drift wood. It need not be larger than an ordinary brick. We need something that will permit airplanes to do the same thing. Perhaps the helicopter will accomplish this. It may be for the airplane, what the self starter was for the automobile. Then when travel by air becomes frequent, the benefit that will accrue to the deaf from such a mode of travel can be better gauged.

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The *Volta Review* mentions a bill recently passed by the California legislature requiring information by doctors and others interested of all cases of deafness found in children. This information is to be made to the nearest school. It is stated that there was opposition to this bill by the deaf themselves. My recollection of the matter is that there was no opposition to the bill save that it was desired by the deaf that not only should the nearest school for the deaf be so informed, but also that the state school in Berkeley should be given the same information. I believe the bill was thus amended and so passed. As educational matters pertaining to the deaf of the state seem under the present reorganization plan to be centering in the state school, it really makes very little difference one way or the other as to how the bill reads.

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Having visitors in the classroom, I was explaining how a child born deaf usually was deficient in language, in contrast to the perfect language of children of normal hearing. Thereupon the manager of the school basketball team, who was occupying one of the seats in said classroom, voiced a protest. He said that, visiting a high school the day before to arrange for a game, he



This, the latest of Melvin Davidson's houses to be completed, has just been sold and a good profit realized. Though most builders have curtailed operations, Mr. Davidson is building faster than ever, having no unsold property on hand.

asked a question of the high school team's manager. "I don know; I will see som body", the latter wrote. Looks like honors were about even.

This brings to mind a deaf man who was carrying on

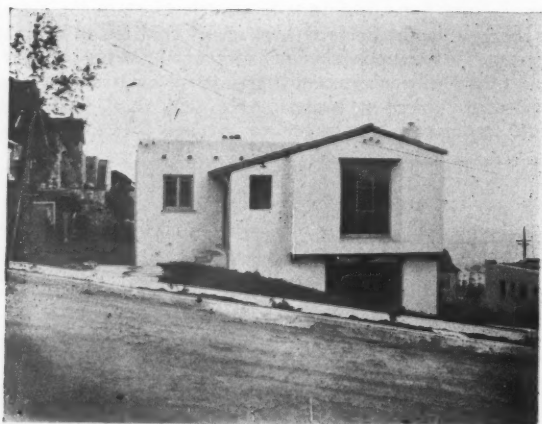
a business deal with a hearing party. The deaf man was anxious to resort to writing, which the hearing person seemed just as anxious to avoid. Finally the latter taking a pencil laboriously wrote out the following, "Naught plane nuf." This the deaf party, after considerable speculation interpreted to mean that his speech was "not plain enough."

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Another visitor to the class room was the chief of the bureau of home making education of the California State Board of Education. She had fourteen thousand women under her so I understood. But the home-making education of deaf girls of which she was now in charge was more or less new to her. I suggested that watching the girls in school would be far from giving her a complete idea of the home-making field of the deaf. Why not go out and see the finished product, the actual homes of the deaf, their contents and occupants? So that afternoon we started out. The homes of as many of the deaf as we could we visited, postponing dinner and continuing till far after dark. There were the homes of women educated in California and those from other states, from Texas, from Tennessee, from the Dakotas, from Pennsylvania, and elsewhere. Most were graduates from the state institutions employing the combined system; but oral institutions and day schools were also represented. Nobody received advance information, but when we explained the object of our mission, we were cordially received. Truth to say these homes stood out wonderfully. To my way of looking at it, they were much above the average run of homes. It seems my companion was wonderfully impressed, even if she didn't look on in amazement. It was an afternoon and evening well spent.

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Local newspapers announce a project for monthly



Another view of Mr. Davidson's latest house. Located high in the Berkeley hills, this place commands a good view of the Bay and surrounding territory.

plays to be given by the deaf. The plays are to be given in pantomime, which looks well enough until one finds out that the deaf referred to are the hard of hearing. Also there is a connection between the project and the Community Chest. In as much as the "bona-fide" deaf, as the sign-making deaf consider themselves, are strenuously opposed to organized aid being given to the deaf by the Chest, this publicity is sure to further detract from the none too good relations between the two classes. Of course there are many fine personalities amongst the

deafened as the hard of hearing are more technically called, but the fact remains that they have not learned how to carry themselves as deaf persons. The real deaf fortified by decades of past experiences know the pitfalls of accepting charity and the hard of hearing, if



Stores recently completed for J. W. Howson. They were built in two units, one unit of which was recently illustrated in the Worker. The present lessees of these stores are a barber, beauty parlor, upholsterer, town library, meat market, and grocery. Located in a fast growing district, on a newly paved street, and at an interurban train stop, these stores are enjoying a steadily increasing patronage.

they must accept it, should do as hard of hearing organizations. They should not draw into these matters the real deaf, who have in this country, at least, fought fiercely to maintain their independence and keep themselves on an equal footing with physically normal individuals.

Teacher—"Use statue in a sentence."

Abie—"Ven I come in last night my papa says, Statue, Abie?"



Beverly Nina Lauby and Walter Wright Lauby, Children of Mr. and Mrs. Q. C. Lauby of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The LONG HORNS

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

By Troy E. Hill



HOSE varmint of the deaf, who are too lazy to work, or too dishonest to make an honest living, might as well mark DALLAS, and TEXAS OFF their stopping lists, for the deaf people of Dallas, and other Texas towns, are all of one mind when it comes to these gentlemen who drop in on us from other states, or from our own state as far as that goes, with the intent to beg and defraud others, for let it be known, far and wide, we have the co-operation of the police force, and as soon as a fly-by-the-night bum lands in Dallas and is recognized he is yanked up to Police headquarters, fumigated, investigated and if wanted elsewhere is shipped back. If no police record is had, then he is given two hours to get out of town and to keep on getting. Recently, we have had the great pleasure of helping three of these gentlemen spend a few nights behind the bars and then shoo them out of town. One claimed to be from New York, one was from Arkansas, and the other one is a native Texan, so we understand, but they all got the same dose, and the same dose awaits others of a like class who think they can stop off and sponge on the Dallas citizens. We will gladly welcome honest deaf folks, who are anxious to find work, and locate in the South, but our welcome for bums, beggars, peddlers, etc., has been long worn out, and no new ones are being prepared.

The Tri-Mu Club

Several years ago Mr. A. E. Brady, Secretary of the local Y.M.C.A., called some of the local deaf folks together and offered to help them secure a club room and to help in entertainments for the deaf people of Dallas. This offer was accepted, and soon a good club was organized, which was at first known as the "Si-Y Club." This name, however, did not stick since it caused a lot of confusion among members of our club and the local Hi-Y Club." The name Tri-Mu stands for three Ms, and our aim is to develop the MINDS, the MUSCLES, and the MORALS, of the members. Recently an election of officers was held and Mr. Collins Trigg is our new president, while Mrs. Clara Young, is Secretary-Treasurer. The club owns its own moving picture machine and will have meetings every Saturday night with moving pictures once a month; lectures by deaf teachers from Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Texas, once a month; socials, business meetings, etc. The club is also sponsoring a basketball team this year.

The October Fraternal

Every year during October, there is held an annual State Fair of Texas, in Dallas, and as many of the deaf people over the state like to attend the Fair, the Dallas deaf folks have arranged for an annual Fraternal to be held on the third Saturday of October every year. Last October we had one of the most successful entertainments ever given, and had visitors with us from Duluth, Minn.; Detroit, Michigan; Little Rock, Arkansas, and from all over the state of Texas. Some-

thing like 250 deaf visitors were counted last Fall, at the State Fair which drew a million an twenty-eight thousand people during its 16 days, which is a world's record for State Fairs, in spite of our friend Jay Cooke Howard's denial that Texas' Fair is larger than Minnesota? Figures don't lie, but liars do figure.

Poet Laureate???

There you are, folks, every since that July morning in Denver, when I found out that some one had played a joke on me by telling the young lady reporter that I was a poet, I have known that "Big Ike" Hill was to be the standing joke amongst the frats for the next four years. But lo and behold, it was not until the December issue of the SILENT WORKER, that anyone began to pick on me, and then Jawn Mueller lets fly with that wise-crack of his about this Texas Maverick.

"Maverick" in the prattle of cow-people means a stray yearling that belongs to nobody having never been branded, but now that Bro. Mueller in the December SILENT WORKER, and Bro. Northern in the December Frat have branded me as "Poet Laureate," I ain't no Maverick no more, but am now the joke of all Fratom. Ah, me! but why worry. I never claimed to be no poet, and since somebody played a trick on that innocent gal reporter let's let it rest at that, but please, folks, I'm no poet laureate. Better far better, call me poet liar, and be nearer the truth.

About The D. A. D.

So far the Longhorn hasn't seen fit to take any part in the pro and con arguments about the new D. A. D., or Dixie Association of the Deaf, or since that doesn't suit Tommy Hamrick, let's say Southern Association of the Deaf, and I had no intention of taking part in the arguments, either for or against it.

However, I have one correction to make to the report as it appeared in the SILENT WORKER, of the proceedings held in North Carolina. In this report it stated that the Texas deaf people were for it, giving as the authority for such a report Rev. A. O. Wilson's name as Texas' representative. Now, while I have no desire to contradict the Rev. Wilson, he was not and is not a representative of the Texas Association of the Deaf, nor of the Texas deaf people. Any statement he may have made for or against the new association, was made in his individual capacity and not as a representative of ours in any manner. The Texas Association of the Deaf, in convention at both Denton, and Houston, the last two meetings has endorsed the National Association of the Deaf fully. The sentiment of the leading deaf of Texas is still solidly back of the N. A. D. I personally see no need of a new organization such as the D. A. D., yet I see no need of anyone flying off the handle about it. Let them alone. If their organization is worthy, you will be sorry to have opposed it, but if it is not worthy, then it will be a waste of time to fight it.

I have an interesting letter from Claibourne F. Jack-

son, of Minas, Camaguey, Cuba, suggesting that either Dallas, Fort Worth or Tulsa, have the next meeting of the N. A. D., and while I am in accord with the idea, I believe such a move would not be wise inasmuch as it is a hard matter to get the deaf people in this section of the country to back their state association. The Texas Association has less than 200 active members, and the Oklahoma Association less than 20, so we will not try to get the next N. A. D. Convention though we would like to see it held in the southwest, say Little Rock Arkansas close enough for us to attend. LONG LIVE THE N. A. D., also good luck to the D. A. D. Should it grow, o.k.; should it die a natural death, which we believe it will, then at least the backers of it have had their try. But as for the Longhorn, we can see no need of it and will stick to the N. A. D.

Picked Up By the Way

YEARS ago, I entered a restaurant, and drawing a chair up to a table, sat down. I was much surprised at the attention I immediately attracted. Men stood up and looked at me and burst out laughing. A waiter came rushing to me and tapped me on the shoulder. He pointed at a cat clawing the floor and yelling for all it was worth. I had planted one leg of the chair on the end of that cat's tail. This was in my own home and every man there knew I was deaf.

That was bad enough, but I doff my hat to George H. Davies, of Sulphur, Oklahoma. Last Summer he and his wife and George Jr. were out in his Ford. Three road hogs disputed the right of way. They were good sized porkers and too big to run over. George dexteriously steered his chariot so as to miss one on the right and one on the left and pass over the third without hitting it. Chugging along for twenty miles, he entered a good sized town. People rushed to the curb as he passed along the

main street and he was nonplussed by the attention, he was attracting and very much startled too. He stepped on it and got through town as fast as he could. On the outskirts he got out to see what it was that had attracted the populace. He was further upset when he found that third road hog neatly skewered with his crank handle, and dangling between the front wheels. Naturally that hog had told the world he did not like the arrangement. It took George sometime to separate the car and the hog. Then he had a debate with himself whether to put the hog in his car and have chops and sausage or to leave it by the road-side. Visions of an irate farmer prevailed and the hog was gently laid up on the grass to breathe its last.

Something along the same line happened in New Orleans, but it had a different sequel. A deaf man bought a second hand Hudson and started down the main thoroughfare. The exhaust was open and the car sounded like a calliope. The traffic cops thought the fire department was on a run and whistled for a clear street. They were deeply touched when they saw a car load of gesticulating deaf men come sailing along at 60 miles an hour, enjoying an unobstructed street. In fact, they were so deeply touched, I am told, that they were instrumental in having a city ordinance passed prohibiting the deaf from driving cars in New Orleans. J. C. HOWARD.

WHY THE "CHANGS" LAUGHED

This story appeared in the *Youth's Companion* years ago.

A man who was very fond of animals often visited the zoo in a certain city.

One day he gave three oranges apiece to eight elephants. There was one orange left in the bag. Each of them asked him for it by lifting his trunk. He knew that if he gave the orange to one of them that all the others would be disappointed, so he took it out of the bag, slowly peeled it and ate it himself. The huge sides of the elephants shook with laughter.



Group of N. F. S. D. Delegates on the Capitol steps, Denver, prior to official photograph

Mr. Clark of Scranton

By G. S. Williams



D HOWE, the aged philosopher of the *Atchison Globe*, has just informed me, through one of his syndicated articles, that there are thousands of geniuses just as good as those now holding the spot-light, still unknown to the public.

Let me see—Ed Howe was rated a wise man when I was a little boy. I am now forty-five, so Howe must be truly a very wise man today.

At any rate, while I may not always agree with his views they are always worthy of consideration.

I have long suspected that certain of my friends were "unknown geniuses." Which of them? Mr. Clark, of Scranton, Penna., is the first to pop into my mind, probably propelled by that picture of his taken as he sat under the electric sign on the tail end of the Denver-bound special, which picture was published in the December issue of the *SILENT WORKER*.

Under the picture he is listed as C. C. Clark, Scranton, Pa. They have his middle initial wrong, but, how can any reporter get things all straight under such circumstances?

My own first observation of him came in a crowd of only about twenty-five men.

It was during the earliest practice on the Gallaudet gridiron.

At every snapping back of the ball by the center on my side, a very earnest-looking young man of about 135 pounds good muscle would come tearing around our right. He was as fast as his face was full of freckles. This was, so far, something commonly to be expected on any gridiron. What impressed me was that he kept his left arm—his outside arm—revolving in its socket like a whirly-gig in a Kansas prairie wind.

"Who is that fellow with the freckles working the windmill round our right?" I asked of a friendly upper-classman during a lull in the scrimmage. "Charles Lane Clark. Don't sneeze at either his freckles or his revolving crow-bar. He is an august and benign Sophomore," replied the friendly "Upper."

Although it was my first season as an "official" player and I had played very little "un-official" football, I had watched many seasons of high class University and High School football—and this "revolving crow-bar" was strictly original and knew this.

Therefore, in my study of Charles Lane Clark, I record it as "Possible Symptom of Unknown Genius, No. 1" Alack-a-day! This be-freckled, original and most fascinating Mr. Clark suddenly disappeared from the gridiron before the first week was over.

Did that whirling fist descend upon some more promising player than Mr. Clark, as Firpo's rabbit-chop or "guillotine swing" was wont to descend?

Or did it come up behind Clark and connect with the chin of a still more valuable player—after the fashion of no blow known to the prize-ring?

I do not know. The cause of Mr. Clark's disappearance from the gridiron is still a mystery to me.

For all I know, it may be that Mr. Clark lost a few precious freckles in a fierce tackle and decided to retire rather than run the risk of losing more.

Charles Lane Clark was a man of much ambition and energy. With the drain on his stamina caused by the daily football practice, with its accompanying expenditure of force in operating the windmill—cut out of his young life, Clark became a very popular person upon

whom to saddle committee work, offices of the "thankless task" order, and so forth.

I should explain here that during the tenure of the large, unusually talented, and jealous class of 1904, rivalry was keen for all offices, big and little on Kendall Green. After the graduation of this class, until the passing out of my own in 1908, most committee work, the presidency of the literary society, and the like, were things to hang around an un-athletic student's neck, after he had been cornered and forced to submit.

The Dramatic Club took the place of athletics in the winter, and was therefore on a par with athletics, and all offices and parts in plays continued to be regarded as honors and to be striven for.

Dr. Gallaudet, himself, told me that he was opposed to competitive athletics during the middle term.

I did not argue with Dr. Gallaudet, despite the fact that Cooper, the prize pantomime performer of our day, was in the habit of falsely accusing me of having boasted that I could argue with the Faculty, even with the good president himself.

I make bold to disagree here and to offer to argue, through the press, with anyone who upholds Dr. Gallaudet's view. I believe that competitive athletics are of the greatest value throughout the school for college year, and am prepared to uphold my belief.

But, to return to my precious Charles Lane Clark, whom I have not forgotten for a moment: After doing much valuable yeoman service in the interest of his fellow-students he was finally elected Chairman of the committee in charge of arranging the Hop in honor of the class of 1905. It was in this capacity that Clark made college history. For, he made of his Hop such delicious hash as has never been made of Presentation Hop before or since.

They have since changed the name of this big social event of the year to the "Prom." I hope it will always remain Prom, that my friend may feel his laurels safe upon technical grounds.

It so happened that conditions were just right for the making of hash out of the Hop before Mr. Clark sprung another bit of his originality.

There had been a growing tendency among certain young bucks to fill out their dance programs weeks in advance of a dance.

This aroused the ire of a majority. The majority argued that while it was to be expected that a student should book a chosen few of his girl friends in advance, the complete filling out of programs, both his and that of his girl friend long before the dances branded a man as most unfair.

Motion to bind all to an agreement not to book more than the chosen few in advance was put to vote and carried by acclamation.

There are young devils in every college. There were a few at Gallaudet, even in the time of the virtuous Charles Lane Clark.

Some of them were found to have filled out their cards regardless of their agreement not to do so.

Every college also has plenty who believe in fighting the devil with fire. It was not near Hop time before every regular dance, and more extras than could be reasonably hoped for had been booked all around—All except my own. I held off, probably because I liked to nurse a grouch about as well as to dance, which, is saying something.

Now entered the very original, energetic and fascinating Mr. Clark with what I will record as "Symptom of Unknown Genius, No. 2."

It had been the custom, of course, to leave the Grand March un-numbered, and, very properly, to print the figure I opposite the first dance.

Mr. Clark, displayed his symptoms of genius by having the Grand March numbered, thus leaving the first dance down as No. 2.

Mr. Clark was accused of being a "mouth-twister" and his sign was to press your right pointer against your right nostril and then turn an imaginary crank at the right corner of your mouth.

I never saw Clark twist his mouth, except when mimicking others. Perhaps that is why he was as much amused

He had a beloved room-mate, like himself from somewhere in Penna., and the impromptu debates between the as any one else at the sign bestowed upon him.

Proudly Clark exhibited the bunch of programs with their new twist, to Mr. Reichards.

Reichards stood aghast. He pushed in his right nostril, worked the imaginary crank, and then beat his forehead, (of course, meaning that Clark was a numbskull instead of a genius.)

Reichards predicted a grand mix-up.

Clark argued that if there were old fogeys who must follow old customs, it would be a simple matter of subtracting one from each dance to restore the program to the old familiar form.

Mr. Clark further argued that if anyone in the student body could not work so simple a problem in figures, he should pack up and leave college.

The night of the Hop arrived. When I arrived in the old Gym the crowd was all seated and awaiting the start of the Grand March, which Dr. Gallaudet, himself, was to lead.

I was late, for my partner of the evening was the Dean of the Co-Eds. No, I positively was not looking for better marks in my English. Any dancer of that day will testify that, in addition to being a congenial companion to the right parties, our good Dean could "hop," even when encumbered by an awkward under-graduate.

You see, the Dean had to remain behind to shoo the last stragglers on their way, and, naturally, I remained with her.

Excusing myself, I left my partner seated and approached the nearest of my favorite dancing partners. Her card had been filled two weeks previous . . . did I not know better than to be so slow?

Now it is treason to pass small talk from one wing of the college to the other, or was in my day, and few things lowered a man in the eyes of his fellows so much as to break this rule. So, how could I explain?

It was the same way with the next two or three friends of whom I asked dances. It was clear that every program was filled.

It did not soothe me in the least to find, when I returned to my partner, that she was attending to what she regarded as her religious duty—attending to the entertainment of the few hearing guests, who would otherwise have felt left out.

The Grand March proceeded in orthodox fashion and the couples swung into the first dance without confusion.

It was not until the second dance started that the originality of Mr. Clark bore such rich fruit.

There was hopeless confusion. Was it the first or the second dance?

The music was perhaps half-way through before many of the dancers were on the floor. There was argument everywhere, even calling of couples off the floor.

Mr. Clark courageously climbed upon a chair and

explained his slight deviation from common custom in printing the cards, pointing out the very simple mathematical process by which common custom might be calculated.

I regret to say that more than one half of the student body was incapable of working this little problem, and had Mr. Clark's judgment been accepted, would have packed up and gone home.

Starting out in search of a partner when it became evident that advance engagements were being disregarded, I bumped into a man who carefully concealed Clark in the middle of his name. Frank Clark Horton was an all-round athlete, a good fellow, and a boon companion of mine.

But Charles Lane Clark caused sad disagreement between us that night.

"Who is that giggling geezer in full-dress and Van Dyke beard? He stole my partner for the third dance." Looking up from his swiftly moving fingers to his face, I found his hostile glare following the sleek and swirling figure of one Alvin Pope.

"Oh, that is just the Pope who dropped in to see Dr. Hall," I replied trying to be cheerful.

"I am a Catholic, but I do not like that Pope," replied Horton, refusing to smile.

"All will come out well, including Clark, '06." I said, comfortingly. "We can easily find partners for the second dance in this mix-up."

"This is the third dance," insisted Horton, "and that fat boy with the whiskers took my partner, too."

Just then I noticed "Pinkie," a favorite with both of us. "Since the numbers are all mixed up, will you give me this dance, regardless of engagements?" I asked her.

We were about to trip away, when Horton laid a detaining hand on my shoulder. This hand bore, not his printed program, but the slip of paper upon which he had originally recorded his engagement for the evening. And Pinkie was down for the second dance.

"You were right after all. This is the second dance, not the third," said he, taking "Pinkie" from me.

There were plenty of unclaimed ladies left. The crowd soon realized that the confusion was hopeless and that the only way out was to completely ignore all previous engagements and pick up a partner at the beginning of each dance. As a result I had about the best card I ever had at a Gallaudet dance, and so did a large number of habitual "advance bookers."

Except for a few chronic grouches, the entire male representation of the student body patted Mr. Clark on the back and voted "his" Hop the best ever, when it was all over.

I am sure that it was with whole-souled good will that some wag wrote and posted upon the bulletin board the following revision of one of our college yells:

Rickty Rockety,
Well-Meaning Gink,
Clark in the Soup,
And the Soup down the Sink.

The next year Charles Lane Clark was elected to the position of Head Senior, which he filled with an unusual degree of satisfaction to both under-graduates and faculty.

And, where it is customary to wait until a man is good and dead before conferring such an honor upon him the boys of Kendall School named one of their societies after Charles Clark, who was then their supervisor.

Whether these boys simply admired their supervisor for his many common, as well as good qualities, or whether they unconsciously detected indications, of undiscovered genius in him, I am unable to state.

National Association of the Deaf

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*, 358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

MARCUS L. KENNER, *First Vice-President*
200 West 111th Street, N. Y. City

C. BELLE ROGERS, *Second Vice-President*
Cedar Spring, So. Carolina

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.



OLOF HANSON, *Board Member*
4747-16 Ave; N. E., Seattle, Wash.

MICHAEL LAPIDES, *Board Member*
Box 4051, Portland, Oregon

WILLIAM SCHAUB, *Board Member*
5917 Highland Ave; St. Louis, Mo.

Organized 1880. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

GENERAL INFORMATION

The appended letter and coupon was recently sent out to all "Lifers" and also members in good standing:

Dear Member:

The Association will be 50 years old in 1930, and in order to celebrate the occasion, the Executive Committee has voted to postpone the 1929 triennial convention to 1930. This convention will be held in Buffalo, N. Y., an ideal location for such a momentous event.

The semi-centennial anniversary should be signalized with something conspicuous. The unveiling of the De l'Epee statue would be very appropriate, but at the Washington convention, in 1926, without any thought being given to the 50th anniversary, the Convention voted against the proposition of building the statue before the next convention.

If the 50th anniversary had been called to the attention of the convention, the vote might have been different.

The Executive Committee deems the Buffalo convention an opportune time to unveil the De L'Epee statue, and is resorting to a referendum vote of the members in good standing to secure a reconsideration of the Washington decision. We should like to have you vote. Please fill out the blank below and send it to us in the stamped envelope which we are sending you.

Sincerely yours,

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary-Treasurer*.

If you are in favor of a reconsideration of the Washington vote; that is, if you favor the unveiling of the De l'Epee statue in Buffalo on the 50th birthday of the N. A. D., place a cross in the square here. ☐

If you are not in favor of a reconsideration of the Washington vote; that is, if you do not favor the unveiling of the De l'Epee statue in Buffalo, place a cross in the square here. ☐

Name

Address

Date

The following letter and coupon was sent out to those members in arrears, and the response has been very favorable:

Dear Member:

Some time ago we wrote informing you that you were behind in your N. A. D. dues, but so far we have not heard from you. Your membership in this fine Association has been valued by us, and a sincere effort has been

made to render you, as one of the Deaf, service. Your membership has strengthened our hand in our fight for fairness to the Deaf everywhere. We are now striving with every means possible to eliminate discrimination against the Deaf from the insurance companies, both Liability and Life. Mr. Michael Lapides, chairman of the Committee on Unjust Liability Insurance Laws, informs us that the committee is making good progress, and expects beneficial results soon. So you see that you have been one of the select group who has had a share in bettering conditions for the Deaf.

The Association will be 50 years old in 1930, and will in that year celebrate its semi-centennial anniversary in Buffalo, N. Y. We are anxious to signalize the occasion with something appropriate. It would be fitting that the De l'Epee statue be completed and unveiled then but at Washington, in 1926, with no thought given to the semi-centennial anniversary, the convention voted against the erection of the statue before the next convention. But now that our attention is called to this occasion, we are sure the members would like to reconsider their decision. It is only right and proper that the Association celebrate its 50th birthday with something big, such as the completion and unveiling of the De l'Epee statue.

Only members in good standing are allowed to vote. We wish to have your vote on the above matter, and in order to save postage for us both, we urge you to send us your dues together with your vote.

Fill out the coupon below and indicate whether or not you favor a reconsideration of the Washington Convention decision in regard to not completing the De l'Epee statue before the next convention. If you are in favor of a reconsideration, that is of having the statue completed by 1930, put a cross opposite the "Yes" in the coupon; if not, place a cross opposite the "No." Then send the coupon with your dues to us. Your back dues amount to \$.....

We shall never cease to work for the mutual benefit of all the Deaf—and for you. Surely you will mail your check today.

Sincerely yours,

F. A. MOORE, *Secretary-Treasurer*.

Date

F. A. Moore, Sec'y-Treas., N. A. D.

Enclosed please find \$..... in payment for my dues to May 1, 1928.

Statue vote. Name.....
Yes .. Address ..
No ..

ET CETERA

By J. H. Mueller



EE WHERE the Chicago Nadiocaster is trying to throw a static our way—dishing the WORKER family a tabloid of our Et Cetera series. If he thinks he can improve on our efforts he can have the whole dratted hog. Let him muss up the best convention yet; let him step on some sensitive toes—we should worry. If in futuro, as the legal gentlemen say, someone not a bank clerk should rise and demand a scalp, it will not be ours. We reserve the right, however, to furnish items that news mangler may have overlooked.

We still shudder at Tom L. Anderson's version of the locked-in guest at room 1204 at The Cosmopolitan. Lest someone perform a similar abortion on Frank Pleasant's ride through the Rockies, we will give the unadulterated truth here.

Frank, as you know, those of you who were at Denver, that is, well, anyway, Frank was one of those who made the trip to the convention in his car. Not that he was the only one, but he was the only one who boasted of a 100% perfect record for his car. The rest of the tribe, Midget, Neesam, Howson, and others, could not conceal their "gwan-tell-it-to-Sweeny" state of mind. So Frank decided to show them by picking out yours truly to accompany him on a ride—somewhere. This ride was made the day of the Troutdale-in-the-Pines outing. Frank bundled us into his car, a pleasant way he has of doing such things, and left fifteen minutes before the regular busses started. Frank lived in Denver years ago, and knew the general direction in which the Troutdale place lay. But—

He did not take into consideration the new roads that had been built since he went back to civilization. Result, he drove off at a tangent. After forty miles of driving through glorious mountain scenery, and nary a sight of any Troutdale hiding in pines, he decided to stop at a filling station and get his bearings. Good thing he did.

For he was on the right mountain but the wrong side thereof. However, if he felt he could keep in gas with the battered product of a well-known Detroit factory, the gentlemen therein would lead him the twenty miles to T-i-P. Those gentlemen were what we had often seen on the screen, cowboys. Saddles flung all over the tonneau. Movie cowboys on location, we surmised. Frank did not need any gas, still had all but a gallon and a half of what he put in before leaving Denver. So stepped on it. That cowboy car was a wiz on the level stretches. But so was Frank's Irish car. On the grades, it was Frank's pleasant little car that gave Lizzie the final shove to get it across the divide. We got to T-i-P just as the regular busses were unloading. A snowball propelled by Vinson of Frisco stopped against our right ear. He apologized later by handing us a sub to the WORKER, so we forgave him.

We assert Frank's car vindicated its driver. Imagine—if you can—the performance. Forty miles more in only fifteen minutes additional riding time than the buses made. No, we will not name the car, we do not see the makers running an ad in these columns.

We were mistaken in our appraisal of the cowboys, however. They were not embryo Fairbanks and Mixes

on location. No, they were of Colonel Harris' troupe of trained calf riders. No wonder the one time heroic business of busting broncos has degenerated into a pink tea affair. Cowboys riding to work in a liz. And Colonel Northern had to take a fling at us at our estimate of that rodeo in a former issue of THE WORKER. Well, Tom, we will repeat—We have seen exhibits of horsemanship, roping, and such that did not raise Colonel Harris' show the least bit in our estimation. And we will say for good measure that if those riders were real cowboys, if those nags they straddled were real buckers, then the "moon" they filled up with was Coca Cola.

There was a place not more than three short blocks from The Cosmopolitan that called itself the "Big Bowl Place." One of the editors at the convention led us there one night. It was not a big place at all, a-tall. But the glasses in which it served its refreshments were big bowls all right, all right. Big enough to bathe a six-months old infant in. After blowing the suds off the top, was enough of the amber fluid left to drown an elephant. And for the Volstead restrictions on the brew, it was really palatable. At the end of the bar, was a lunch counter whereon were viands of the most approved pre-war, pre-prohibition variety—help yourself as long as you have a drop left in the bowl. We have been told that a certain delegate handed his division a bill for extra meal money. Said, so says our informant, that it cost him \$1.50 per meal to eat, three meals a day. G'wan, he spent forty cents for his matitudinal ham and eggs, and ten cents each for his mid-day and evening bowls. No, we are not giving names, he handed us several bowls between meals—and we do not care to be called an ingrate.

The natural history class was not functioning properly on the Saturday ride through one of the canyons. One of the sweet young things asked us what those darling creatures might be. "Chipmunks," we assured her. And one of the weissenheimers who saw us give the information, corrected us with "prairie dogs." Whereupon the sweet young thing, one of the restored-to-society brand so common today honored us with "O, the wisdom of some men!" Serves us right. We should have paid more attention to the woman of our bosom who was with us all the while. We do hope that sweet young thing reads this, so that we can hand her a long-distance swat: She was telling one of her audience on the way back from Denver that Kolynos was a vanishing cream, very expensive, made in France, she was too patriotic to use anything but Hudnut's, etc. We are not an addict to the use of vanishing creams, but will say, "O, the wisdom of some flappers!"

Our cog up the Peak was blessed in that it had an interpreter who knew his signs. Not the Evergreen-Lonesome Pine variety, either. Chauffeur for someone from St. Louis. Not Bill Schaub. Kept us informed all the way up the Peak what was what, and whatnot. Was a rather thankless job he had dedicated himself to, for half of the passengers on that cog were too busy exchanging noneties—most of the men were married, and the girls with them did not know it—and others

Colorado would be doing the vacationist a favor by passing a law allowing anyone who had to listen to such tirade to push the orator over one of those cliffs. Especially when they are parsons, real or otherwise.

Sarcasm, dear reader, is a gift handed down by the gods. But to be able to assimilate it is a virtue stolen from the gods. Tom L. Anderson's speech on the opening day of the convention was a bit of sarcasm entitled to be classed with the world's best literature. But the way the natives took it, with grins and sympathetic nods, must have made Tom itch for a shillalah. Saw one of the poor innocents go into a drugstore. Handed over a \$20 bill. Got back fifteen cartwheels, eight halves and eighteen nickels. Asked the cashier to please hold it until he could run over to the hotel and get his traveling bag. Cashier got the point, and that was the last time this "innocent" was troubled with heavy bits. All a matter of knowing how to say it.

There are times when one wants to be careful about what he—or she is saying. You cannot nearly always sometimes tell just where your words will land—or on whose dome. For instance: we were one of those lucky mortals who sat in the front row at the banquet stunts. When the doll dancers came up to the platform, the sweet thing at our side gave a giggle and uttered sotto signs, "O, look, that boy has his pants torn." Don't blush, dear reader. Nor call in the purity squad. The boy had on his Society Brands all right, but pinned over was a suit of newspapers, mighty ticklish stuff to wear. Had to walk in stiff steps, no resiliency to paper, you know. And when he got to the platform, found it difficult to negotiate the few very low steps. His partner—feminine gender—got him up after some strenuous coaching, but the worst happened. And our sweet pard's words were poison for the boy. You see, he was a deafie just like all the rest of those assembled in the dining hall except the Injuns and reporters. He thought his Society Brands were torn. And this will probably explain why in making his way out of the hall he tried to cover his rear scenery with a menu card. When we remonstrated with the sweet thing she bowled us over with a Swedish phrase along the lines of *honi soit qui mal etc.*

Two "physical culture" cranks met at the Wells Street stopover. They had been college chumps. And still were chumps, for that matter. They exchanged remarks about each other's huge proportions. And each fessed up to being a strenuous disciple of Bernarr Macfadden. That night, they accidentally met—at opposite tables—in a chop suey house. Neither saw the other until their orders were placed before them. Each had ordered a double portion of the stuff that looks mysterious and tastes divine. And on the special westward ho! they had a way of ordering the very things their gym instructors tabooed. After a couple of these accidental disclosures of their dieting methods, they decided it was no use to play hide and seek anymore, agreed that since they were on a picnic they might as well eat in fashion, and that's the end of a rather disconnected tale.

We learned one thing on the trip. No one knows how to play five hundred unless he can take four spades and make nine hearts. Some of those Eastern sharps were dull blades, after all. Imagine one of them bawling out his partner for failing to make seven hearts when he had six trumps to start with. And then this same bawler switched his partner's black bid into a red

and took in just three tricks. "Accident!" Well, it all depends on who the goring ox is. Or is it the bull? Anyway, we take off our hat to Mrs. George F. Flick as the best loser and the most genial winner we have met in a long time.

One of the speakers at the banquet complained that the speaker preceding him had stolen his thunder. Cheer up, brother, you escaped the odium of having someone tell you you had copied a Sunday-school sermon. And anyway, the tale of the whip and the bee was so ancient it needed a haircut and delouser.

Half of the males on the special were printers, and most of these printers were on newspapers. Naturally we got to swapping experiences. Our contribution, caught on the proofs on the curious journal, our paper, included:

"The birds for street contracts have been opened." Never knew street contract bids were handed in birds. Hot bird? Cold bird? Or just a bird of an error on operator's part?

"The matter was referred to the university trustees." That probably explains what we so often see referred to as the honor system.

"Miss Schnittlauch won the consultation prize." It happened to be an account of a society bridge game. We'll stick to pinochle where prizes are handed out for points made, not for consultations held.

"Blatherskite showed rare speed at mule and seventy yards." Maybe he did, but at Churchill Downs mules are kept off the track. Never heard of mules being used for a distance measuring purposes, either.

"Judge hears fool suit." Certainly it was a fool suit, but the court records had it as a pool suit.

And one especially appropriate to the occasion was in a death notice. The advertiser was not able to get all of Colorado in his write up, so made it colorad. And the operator's proof showed: "Denver colored paper please copy."

At the last running of the Kentucky Derby—the Darby, sah—our society editors ran about fifty galleys of what the women wore. A Mrs. Jennings of Bowling Green was described as being attired in a black velvet hat.

At a bowling tournament an enthusiastic fan warbled: "Wow, that is his third straight strike." Whereupon the lady friend did the proper thing and inquired, "Does that make three strikes and out?"

The kid came from school the other day and imparted the information he had learned why the chicken crossed the road. We were not interested in seeing Joe Miller resurrected and merely grunted. The kid did not give up, however, and offered to bet a sundae we could not give the correct answer. We were not interested in even that phase of the proposition, a dad of seventeen years standing knows he has to pay whether he wins or loses. But to pose as a good sport we entered into the wager and opined it was because the fowl wanted to get at the flower bed on the other side of the road. "Foul ball," said the youngster. "The chicken knew it was in for it, so went across mindless of all the traffic, knowing it would get it in the neck sooner or later." We paid.

The Associated Press sent out this several weeks ago. That was during the regime of the Democratic Governor

knocking the managers of the trip—and Gartside, of Kentucky. A Republican has the office now. Well, the item read—"Governor Fields proposes to work for strident conversation measures." Well, well. Hope he gets somewhere with his efforts even now when he is outside looking in. Some of the conversations we have had to listen to have been a lot more than merely strident. We have a hunch, though, that what the State needs also is a stringent conservation measure.

We always thought a lot of Mrs. Iona Tade Simpson. That's one woman who can hold her own with any man in a debate and without losing her womanly dignity in the least. But she did pull one on the male portion at Denver banquet that we do not exactly understand. It's her version of a bit of poetry we learned at Gallaudet. Our landlady says we never learned poetry at all. However that may be, this is what we are positive Mrs. Simpson rendered at the lovefeast:

*In days of old when knights were bold
And barons held their sway,
Men took their orders from the women
The way they don't today.*

Our landlady says we got it all right except that the last line should read.

THE WAY THEY DO TODAY.

Maybe they do in Kansas, but begorry, sah, they don't in Kentucky. Here the male of the species is the boss except when the female has the heftier punch, which does not apply in this case.

P. S. —The female of our household is just finishing the dishes and says she will be ready to pass judgment on this shortly. Not if we can beat her to the mail box. By the time this appears in print, we expect to be away on a lengthy business trip.

Memorial Oil Portrait of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet

*Presented to the New York Institution for the Instruction of
the Deaf and Dumb under the Auspices of the American
Society of Deaf Artists*

THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, the founder honored in the chapel of Fanwood (N. Y. Inst. of deaf-mute education in America, was fittingly for Deaf), on the afternoon of December 10th, 1927, that being the date of his birth in 1781.

The following program was carried out assisted by the Fanwood Cadet Band of twenty-one pieces:

PROGRAM

1. Star Spangled Banner Alice E. Judge
2. Star Spangled Banner Fanwood Band
3. Introduction Chairman Hjalmar Borgstrand
Music Fanwood Band
4. Presentation of the portrait of Thomas
Hopkins Gallaudet Charles Fetscher
5. Unveiling of Portrait Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet
Manan Berger, Proxy
Music Fanwood Band
6. Acceptance of Portrait Principal Isaac B. Garder
7. "Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet" E. A. Hodgson
8. "Value to Deaf-Mutes of Dr. Thomas
H. Gallaudet's Teaching" Dr. Thomas F. Fox
Music Fanwood Band
9. Conclusion, with short addresses.
10. Music Fanwood Band

Mr. Fetscher then called the committee of the American Society of Deaf Artists, and an officer of each of the organizations which had contributed, to come forward that the audience might see them, to whom all honor was due, presenting to each society contributing a replica certificate of the one accompanying the painting.

Illness in the family of Miss V. B. Gallaudet prevented her from being present. Miss Marion Berger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. C. Berger, acted as proxy for Miss Gallaudet, and with the audience standing unveiled the portrait.

The unveiling disclosed a handsomely framed oil portrait some two and one-half feet by three and a half feet of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. The work being that of Mr. Jacques Alexander, a deaf artist.

Accompanying the painting was a parchment certificate, framed in the finest bronze about sixteen inches by twenty-one inches, and so framed as to be dust and air proof. This certificate follows:

IN REMEMBRANCE

PORTRAIT OF
THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET
PRESENTED TO
THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR
THE INSTRUCTION OF THE
DEAF AND DUMB
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF DEAF ARTISTS
WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE
FOLLOWING DEAF ORGANIZATIONS

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92, N. F. S. D.
BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D.
BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES
BROWNSVILLE SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB
DEAF-MUTES UNION LEAGUE
FANWOOD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
HARLEM SILENT CLUB
HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF
LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS
LEXINGTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
LUTHERAN GUILD OF THE DEAF
MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87, N. F. S. D.
MARGRAF CLUB
MEN'S CLUB OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH
V. B. G. A.
THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE 44th STREET SCHOOL
WOMEN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH

UNVEILED BY

VIRGINIA B. GALLAUDET, DECEMBER 10TH, 1927

Both will be hung in the reception room at the right of the main entrance to the Institution.

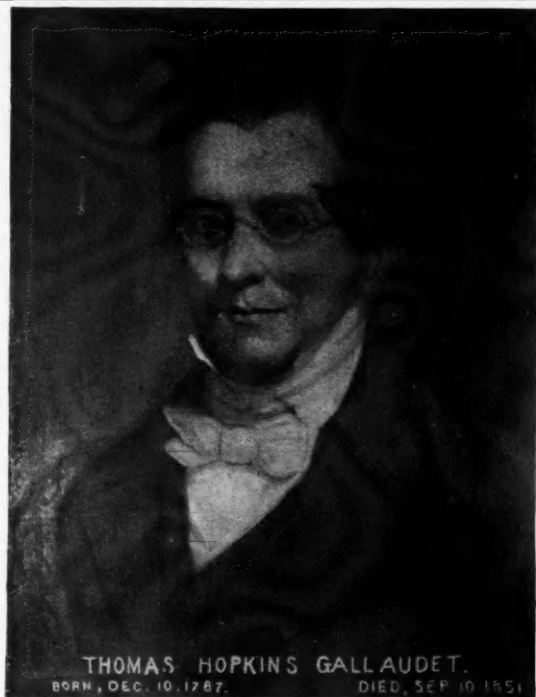
After the presentation, Dr. Thomas Francis Fox, himself a lifetime educator of the deaf, spoke on "The Value to the Deaf of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's Teaching". Never has Dr. Fox been more eloquent, never has he presented a more convincing argument than when he defended the use of our own beloved sign language in its place as part of the education of the deaf.

Editor Hodgson of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* made a brief address in place of Miss V. B. Gallaudet, who could not be present.

Great credit must be given to the committee of the Society of Deaf Artists who devoted several months of labor to the success of this undertaking. They were: Charles W. Fetscher, President; Fred C. Berger, Secretary; Hjalmar Borgstrand, Chairman and Treasurer; Victor Anderson, J. W. Nesgood and Miss Ruby Abrams.

The spontaneous contributions of all the clubs asked, with the exception of a few who's rules prevented their

The twenty-one members of the Fanwood Cadet Band voluntarily gave up their Saturday at home to contribute their music to the occasion and show they were as grate-



Photograph reproduction of the oil portrait

joining in the work, is concrete evidence of the esteem in which Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's name is engraved in the hearts of the deaf and his memory cherished.



Standing, left to right—J. H. Nesgood, Victor Anderson, Fred C. Berger, (Secretary), Charles W. Fetscher (President). Sitting, Hjalmar Borgstrand (Chairman).

ful to the memory of the first educator of the deaf as any one. The success of the occasion was in great part due to them and the large audience was thrilled by the music they so skillfully gave.

A Great Loss to the Deaf

The members of the family of Rev. N. P. Walker, the founder of the South Carolina School for the Deaf and the Blind, are fast disappearing, to our great regret and sorrow.

Rev. Walker had four daughters, namely: Mrs. Irby, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. North, and Mrs. Thomason and two sons, Dr. N. F. and Mr. Albert Walker Sr. They all, except Mr. Albert, taught in our school.

One of Mrs. Irby's children (by her first husband), Dr. Rully Henderson, never worked in our school, but he could sign as well as any deaf person. He worked in a drug-store at Spartanburg for years and always waited on the deaf, and he was much loved by all the deaf, who knew him. He moved to Charlotte, N. C., some years ago, and was a travelling salesman. While on the road, he always spent a while with his deaf friends whenever he could.

On February 23rd, while stopping at the hotel in Shelby, N. C., it caught on fire early in the morning. Dr. Henderson was one of the first few who were awakened early, but his first thought was of the other sleeping guests on his floor, and in his effort to awaken them, he was too late to

escape himself to safety. He died within a few feet of the fire-escape. He died as a hero.

None of Mrs. Frost's children were connected with the work with the Deaf. Mrs. North had no children.

Mrs. Thomason has four children,—three of them used to teach in schools for the deaf, but are retired now, altho they and their mother are still loyal to the Deaf.

Dr. N. F. Walker had five children. All of them, except one, have worked in the schools for the deaf and the blind. Since April 3rd, 1924, most of Dr. N. F. Walker's family left us. Mrs. N. F. Walker, our beloved "mother", died on April 3rd, 1924; Dr. N. F. Walker, our beloved "father" on Feb. 4th, 1927; Dr. Albert Walker (of Florida), on Nov. 21st, 1927; and Mr. Horace Walker (formerly of Tennessee), on Feb. 9th, 1928, leaving only Dr. Laurens Walker and Mrs. Virginia Hitch to mourn.

Three of the best friends of the deaf and the blind,—Mr. Horace and Dr. Albert Walker and Dr. Rully Henderson—departed from us within three months. This is a great loss to the Deaf indeed.

We extend our deepest sympathies to the surviving members of the Walker family and to the Deaf.

Feb. 29, 1928.

CLARA BELLE ROGERS.



The Houston Ephphatha Bible and Sunday School Class. It is the largest regularly attended Sunday School class in Texas and probably the South—this part anyway. At the extreme left is Miss Lillian Fitzgerald, interpreter and on her left with Bible in hand is Dr. W. G. Bryan, teacher.

Houston, Texas

By Gordon B. Allen

"Great deeds cannot die. They with the sun and moon renew their light, for ever, blessing those that look upon them."

—Tennyson.

HOSTON is going to have the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf Convention in 1931, and the largest building in the world. Uh, huh, but Houston is going to have the National Democratic Convention next June and the N. F. S. D. convention in 1935—perhaps. Watch our smoke till 1931, *en que modo!*

For the interest of the SILENT WORKER reader and the deaf population in general I am going to attempt to relate briefly in a series of short articles to THE SILENT WORKER the story of Houston and South Texas. In this way our deaf friends who have never heard much of Houston can get a better mental vision of our city. Outsiders have, during their school days, studied the history of America but they have never read the history of Texas and of her great war with Mexico.



A group of Houston Silents at a club party.



Statue of General Sam Houston, at the entrance to Hermann Park, Houston, Texas.

The story of the battle of San Jacinto about twenty miles out of Houston, where the old Republic of Texas that so cherished the flag with the lone star fought as the bravest could fight and won its freedom from the banditry



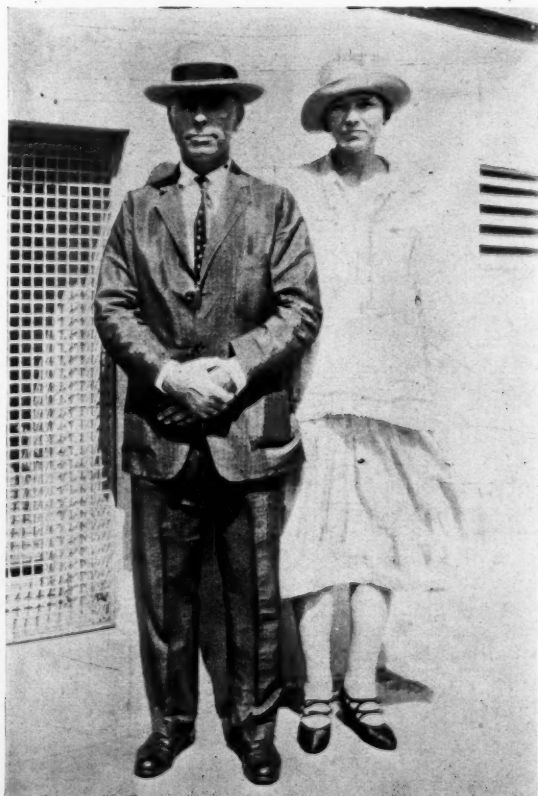
Another snapshot of the Houston Ephphatha Bible Class taken outside the First Baptist Church.

and bloodthirsty hands of Mexico, over ninety years ago, stands as one of the greatest battles in the history of war.

The San Jacinto battlefield will forever remain as a relic of a great war with a glorious end. This most famous spot in Texas lies only about forty-five minutes out of Houston.

Now that the eyes of the Democrats of the Nation are focused on Houston, memories are stirred up and recollections become lively.

"You see that fellow over there with the double-studded six shooter in his belt?" inquired one of Houston's (General Sam Houston) men of the British consul from New Orleans who had gone to the new Texas capital not remote from the present town of Houston. "Well,



A closeup of Dr. W. G. Bryan, our Sunday School teacher, and Mrs Bryan.

he's our secretary of war, but we haven't got hardly a cannon. See that man over there with his trousers tucked in his boots? He's our secretary of navy, but we haven't got a damned ship. See that man over there twisting his mustache? Well, he's our secretary of treasury but we haven't got a damned dollar."

So goes the ninety-two-year-old story and with it the world away.

Ninety years later a great crowd gathered on the San Jacinto battlefield. The anniversary of Texas independence was being celebrated by the Sons and Daughters

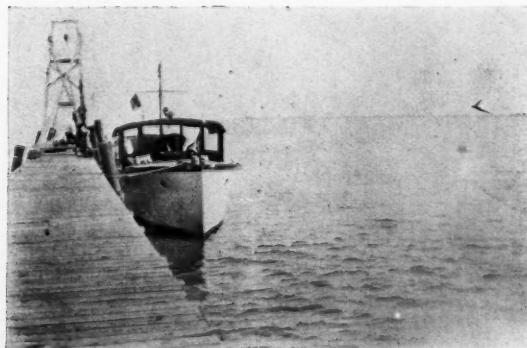


Entrance to dance pavilion, Sylvan Beach, Houston, Texas.

of the Revolution. There arose a young man hardly out of the green of life who began to speak to his fellow Texans. In part, this young man said:

"Not vanity; not that I can throw new light upon the events on that April day ninety years ago, or speak words that would add to the glory of the dead or give inspiration to the living. It is because from my youth, indeed from my cradle, I was taught that here was enacted more vividly and more really than elsewhere in all history the tragic drama of war; that the men who fought here were the bravest of the brave; that this was sacred ground. My father brought me here as a boy. I was awed, almost afraid. Over my spirit moved a feeling which I have since experienced but twice—at Mount Vernon and at the tomb of Lee."

Thus spoke Eugene H. Blount whose forefathers helped to make our history. He was from Nacogdoches, Texas, Gene Blount, unhappily now no more—like



A pleasure boat at Sylvan Beach, Houston, Texas.

Lycidas, dead if not before his time, before his fine qualities brought forth their richest fruit in service for his State and country.

Gene Blount was one of San Jacinto's lovers. On that unforgettable field his forefathers had offered, had given their blood that Texas might have its freedom.

In the records we find that the Constitution of the United States was signed by a Blount.

The Declaration of Texas Independence had a Blount signature.

The Constitution of Texas as a republic and later as a sovereign State of the Union some Blount helped to fashion.

When Texas receded from the Union and became an integral portion of the Confederacy, the State's record had a Blount imprimatur.

They were the Virginia Blounts, to start with; later Carolinian Blounts—both South and North—and on westward, the Tennessee Blounts. One of them was the Governor to whom General Jackson addressed his "gulger" letter quoted but recently by John W. Davies at a Jackson Day Democratic dinner in Washington at the time when Houston was chosen as the Convention City.

"Only the bravest would come, only the strongest could survive the hardships of the wilderness life," said Gene Blount of the early Texas settlers.

From the select group of pioneers came the men who sought still greater frontiers—the men who came from Texas.

"So the men who fought here," said Mr. Blount, "were, in the very historic truth, the strongest of the strong, the select of the select, the bravest of the brave."

What were those men fighting for—those embryonic Texans?

You will find out in the next article. All of the great events of the war with Mexico happened in South and Central Texas. The other famous place is, The Alamo at San Antonio. You have no doubt heard of the famous Deaf Smith of that war. You should know more about him although he was not totally deaf.

—o—

We see by the paper that:—

Into Dallas, Texas, has come a great doctor who, as I take it, is experimenting on a new method of remodeling the Eustachian tubes of the ear to relieve deafness. This reads like it pertains only to those who are hard of hearing. The free demonstrations are being made by Dr. Curtis H. Munice, New York otologist, who, *The Hous-*



Down to the sea in bathing suits. A group of Silents at Galveston Beach last Labor day. From left to right you see Bird Middaugh, C. F. Smith, Drew Read, Fred Artz, and L. E. Miles. The big fellow on the right is unknown to the writer. The smiling object kneeling is none other than Mrs. J. J. Miller.

ton Post-Dispatch says, has operated on six cases, using only his fingers for instruments, before a group of surgeons and ear specialists.

We are waiting to hear if some of our Dallas friends have been taking advantage of this chance to see if anything can be done for them by this new method.

College boys, eh? In the answers to a Freshman history course quiz at the University of Arkansas were found four Frosh who did not know who Charles A. Lindbergh is. One of them thinks he was the prime minister of Sweden during the 15th century; one thinks he was a German general in the world war; one thinks he was the leader of the bolsheviks in Russia, while the



Another group of bathers at Galveston. The young men standing are, left to right, C. F. Miles, B. Middaugh and F. Artz. The ladies standing on ground, Mrs. J. J. Miller; on her back, Mrs. J. E. Empson. Fun down in Texas, eh?

fourth thought Lindbergh was the battle line that the allies had such difficulty in breaking through in 1918. Watch out, Gallaudet. These fellows may not have been just Arkansawyers after all.

—o—

To prevent motor car accidents in Constantinople, dumb persons must wear red ribbons around their hats, deaf persons must wear yellow ribbons and blind persons white ribbons. I believe if I were there I would wear all three ribbons and drive down the thoroughfare assured of my safety—provided, however, a blind driver doesn't get lost and run into me.

It seems as though the deaf people of our country have nothing on the French in the way of the difficult job of maintaining their rights to drive a car as evidenced by this item from the *Dallas News*:

FRENCH DEAF-MUTES WANT TO DRIVE CARS

Paris deaf-mutes object to being barred from the right to drive automobiles in France. Through their organ, the *Gazette of the Deaf-Mutes*, they contend the prohibition is unfair.

Nature, they say, compensates them for the loss of the two senses by making their vision more acute, increasing their caution and generally speeding up their intellectual reactions.

One of them, Maurice Kenjardet, a deaf but not mute, who is an automobile builder and is reputed to be a remarkable driver, gives it as his conviction that the loss of speech and hearing does not make his fellows unsafe on the road. He reminds the public that a driver who ultimately becomes deaf is not deprived of his license to drive although he is less to be trusted than a deaf person who passes the driving examination in spite of his affliction and also has had long training and experience in overcoming the disadvantages of his physical defect.

—o—

Through the untiring efforts of Dr. W. G. Bryan, a Houston physician, as teacher and Miss Lillian Fitzgerald, as interpreter, the Ephphatha Sunday School and Bible Class has held its own. With a regular attendance every Sunday morning of from twenty to forty it is believed to be the largest Sunday School Class of Silents in this section of the country, and is the largest in Texas.

Dr. W. G. Bryan has been with the class for two years or over and his interest in the Silents of Houston is superb. He is always ready to act when he is called upon and often when not called upon if he sees there is something he can do toward being of assistance to us. Dr. Bryan has a brother who is a Baptist missionary to China. A few Sundays ago the brother was a visitor to our Class. Through Miss Fitzgerald he related a few of his experiences in the East.

Two thousand years ago, Æsop said, "The only thing some people can make is an acquaintance."

As Others See Us

Gassaway, W. Va.
December, 16, 1927.

The Editor, Silent Worker,
Trenton, New Jersey.

Dear Sir:—

I am availing myself of the opportunity to write you to permit me a space in your magazine. I enjoy your magazine as much if not more than any other publication that comes into my home. From the beginning of the publication, the Silent Worker has been a monthly source of information and inspiration to me and it is doing to the deaf people a real service. These volumes will be a great revelation for reference in years to come. Its editorials are consistent, free from guile and reflect sober thoughts upon worthy subjects.

You will have my best wishes and hearty support in your effort to maintain and improve the "Silent Worker."

Respectfully, yours,
MRS. OKEY VERNON LOUGH.

MOTHER ARRIVES

So the President of Mexico
Raised eyes to Heaven again,
And thankfully proclaimed the fact
"Another Lindbergh plane."



A good example of commercial art by Jose Zaragora, of Madrid, Spain. Design for a diploma for presentation to honorary members of the Association de Sordomudos.

Of Interest to the Housewife

(Tested Recipes by courtesy of Recipe Service Co., of Philadelphia)

By Betty Barclay

CARDINAL GELATIN SALAD

- 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1½ cups boiling water
- ½ cup canned beet juice
- 1 cup celery, shredded
- 1 cup beets, diced
- ½ cup Spanish onions, cut fine
- 1 green pepper, shredded
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add beet juice. When cold, add celery, beets, onion, green pepper and salt. Pour into individual molds. Turn out on lettuce, serve with Mayonnaise dressing. Serves eight.

FIFTEEN-DOLLAR PIE

- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1½ tablespoons melted butter
- Juice 1 lemon
- 1 egg yolk
- ½ cup milk
- 1 egg white
- Few grains salt

Mix sugar and flour, add melted butter, lemon juice, egg yolk slightly beaten, milk, egg white stiffly beaten, and salt. Bake in one crust, and cover with meringue or not, as desired.

CHICKEN TETRAZINI

- 1¼ c. cooked shredded chicken
- ¾ c. cooked shredded ham
- ¾ c. cooked spaghetti
- 1 small green pepper shredded
- ½ red pimento
- 3 tbsps. butter
- 2 c. cream
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. paprika
- 2 mushrooms chopped fine

Simmer slowly green pepper, mushrooms and butter in a covered dish. Add ham, chicken and paprika, and cook together 2 or 3 minutes. Add spaghetti, pimento, cream and salt, boiling about 4 minutes. Mix yolks of eggs with 2 tablespoons of cream and stir into the mixture. Take off fire at once.

LEMON JUNKET BAVARIAN

- 1 package lemon junket
- 1 tablespoon powdered sugar
- ½ cup chopped walnuts
- ½ teaspoon almond extract
- 1 pint milk
- ⅛ pint cream
- Marshmallows
- Tart jelly or cherries

Cut marshmallows in quarters with shears and place in

bottom of dessert glasses. Whip cream, almond extract and sugar together until stiff, add chopped walnuts. Warm milk slightly, in separate dish, dissolve in it the junket powder, quickly pour this into the cream mixture, stir a moment carefully. Pour at once into the glasses. The nuts and marshmallows will rise to the top. Let set until firm. Then chill. Top with bits of tart jelly.

GERMAN SOUR BEEF

- 2 cups water
- ½ cup lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 large onion
- 1 carrot
- 2 pounds cheap cut of beef

Cut onion in thin slices; cut carrot in strips; add water, lemon juice, salt and pepper, and pour over the beef, and leave over night. Drain meat; put in small agate pan; dredge meat with flour, and put in hot oven until flour is brown. Add one cup of the water in which meat was soaked, and cover closely. Bake slowly, and, when half done, add vegetables, drained from water, and continue the cooking, adding more liquid, as needed. When tender, remove to serving-dish, and thicken gravy, of which there should be one cup, with two tablespoons flour, mixed with two tablespoons cold liquid. Add, if desired, one-fourth cup sour cream. Put vegetables around the beef, and serve gravy in a sauce-boat.

The lemon juice helps very much to make tough meats tender.

BANANA NUT CAKE

- ¾ cupful butter or substitute
- 1½ cupfuls sugar
- 3 cupfuls prepared cake flour
- 4 level teaspoonfuls baking powder
- 3 eggs
- 1 cupful milk
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Mix and sift dry ingredients three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; then beaten egg yolks. Beat hard until light and fluffy. Add milk and dry ingredients alternately, beating after each addition. Add vanilla and fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in two large or three small layers in moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes.

Icing

- 1½ cupfuls brown sugar
- ½ cupful water

Boil until it spins a thread. Remove from fire and pour slowly on the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs. Add one teaspoonful vanilla and beat until creamy. Slice bananas over lower layer of cake and pour the icing over them. Place second layer on top; cover with sliced bananas. Add ½ cupful chopped walnut meats to the remainder of icing before pouring it over the upper layer of bananas.



THE DEAF WORLD

UNVEILS TABLET IN MEMORY OF MISS ROGERS

A tablet in memory of Miss Harriet Rogers, for 19 years principal of the Clarke School for the Deaf, Northampton, Mass., and pioneer teacher of oral methods, was unveiled in the Administration Building, November 18. Mayor W. M. Welch gave a brief address of welcome and told of the effect on the city of Miss Rogers' work. The tablet was presented by A. Lincoln Fehheimer, its designer, who in spite of his deafness has become one of the leading architects in the country.

Miss Bessie Leonard, principal of the school, accepted the tablet. Miss Caroline Yale, who has been connected with the school for 58 years, spoke of Miss Rogers' work for the deaf children of America.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute*.

WHAT THE DEAF CAN DO

The *Times* had a photogravure of a deaf and dumb youth, named LeRoy Columbo, who won the annual ten-mile swimming contest in the Gulf of Mexico, off Galveston. He finished far ahead of all the other competitors. His time for the ten miles was six hours and thirty-five minutes. He is only eighteen years of age.

This is only a repetition of similar success by the deaf in the past.

It is not so many years ago, when Willie Hoy ranked in baseball among the best centerfielders that ever lived, and he led his club in the batting list and was an excellent runner on bases.

Luther Taylor, for a great many years, was a pitcher for the "Giants" and had few superiors in the great National League.

RICHARD OTT JOHNSON

On January 6, at his home in Indianapolis, Ind., Richard Ott Johnson passed away. He was for thirty years superintendent of the Indiana School for the Deaf but had not for the last few years been actively engaged in educational work.

His long term of service in the cause of the education of the deaf entitled him to be classed among the "Old guard"—one who was not afraid to uphold all that experience had taught him was best in the education of deaf children.

As superintendent of the Indiana School for the Deaf his greatest achievement was the removal of the school to a

new location outside the congested district of Indianapolis and the building of a new plant on ample grounds. This school will long stand as a worthy and able man.—*Michigan Mirror*.

CAN'T HEAR, BUT DAVIS HAS EYES OF SOCCER HAWK

ORANGE VARSITY PLAYER TRIUMPHS
BRILLIANTLY OVER HANDICAP OF
DEAFNESS

Deaf and deaf is Albert (Doc) Davis, goal tender and one of the outstanding players for the Syracuse varsity soccer team. What his ears miss, his all-observing eyes gather in as evidenced by his stellar playing during the season which ended at Ithaca yesterday.

Doc was graduated from the Rochester School for the Deaf two years ago, where he played three years on the soccer team. Because of his size, he started as goalie. Later he was shifted to center halfback and also to forward, but finished his last year for Rochester back between the goal posts.

It was as a goalie that he made his numerals as a freshman soccerite. Altho not used in the first few games, Coach Horrocks started Davis as regular goal-tender about mid-season and the deaf player's work has since been one of the outstanding features of the game.

After watching the Penn State game, Dan Horrocks, brother of the Varsity coach and an old-time soccer star, said that the work of Davis as goalie was as good as any he had witnessed either in this country or in England. Dan Horrocks played soccer in America and in England before coming to this country.

Albert Davis is a product of Chester, N. Y., and son of Dr. and Mrs. Walter Davis, both graduates of Syracuse University. He is a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity and a sophomore in the college of liberal arts.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

A WONDERFUL YOUNG MAN.

Herman Cahen, twenty-three years of age, a deaf man, is a pupil in the Ohio State University. He came up through the Day School in Cleveland and through the hearing high school. He is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering. This is one of the hard courses in the University.

He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds and is well proportioned. He is

a full blooded Jew with a great mind.

His father and mother are smart people. They were born in Poland and came to this country twenty-four years ago. Neither ever attended a school a day. But the father has educated himself as Abraham Lincoln did, so the son says.

The father reads everything and appropriates all he reads. He has developed a great business in book binding and owns the largest book binding establishment in Ohio. He has two hundred employees in his factory and binds twenty thousand books a day.

Young Cahen is a Freshman in the University and an aspirant for the football team. He says, however, he has not yet been tried out, but hoped to have a chance before the season is over. He says it is not size altogether that makes a successful foot-ball player, but the brain, the eye, the nerve and the courage. He thinks he has all these and we think so too.

The *Chronicle* wishes this ambitious young man every success in his good endeavor.

He says he watches the lectures, gets the main points, goes to the library and gets the books and reads for himself.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR CHILDREN

The following selections are from the interesting address on "What education has done for the deaf," given by Mr. G. M. McClure at the Missouri School.

The Tennessee School for the Deaf moved into a beautiful new plant last year, built from plans drawn by a deaf architect, a graduate of that school. The plant of the Mississippi School was built from plans drawn by another deaf architect. Several American sculptors and artists, educated in schools like this, have won the "Honorable" of the Paris salon. There are over a dozen ordained priests, deaf, in the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and several more in the ministry of other denominations. The secretary of one of the leading paint factories in the south, is a deaf man. The entomologist of the Cleveland parks is deaf; half a dozen of the beautiful statues in Golden Gate Park, and along the streets of San Francisco, are the work of a graduate of one of the State Schools.

There is a deaf proof reader on the Louisville *Courier-Journal* while linotype operators are found in every city of any size. A graduate of the Mis-

souri School is a chemist with a great Chicago iron and steel mill. A graduate of the Kentucky School has been Circuit Clerk of his home county for twenty years. Several pupils of that school have served as postmasters of their home towns. There are deaf bankers, editors, teachers, dentists, in the "white collar" lines of employment. The deaf workers are found on the farm, in the factory, in the mill, the office, the shop, side by side with the hearing, doing the same work and drawing the same pay. Their value as citizens is not confined to their own generation; they raise families who are a credit to themselves, and an asset to the state. I know children of deaf parents who are college presidents and college professors. Seven state schools for the deaf now have as superintendents, the sons of deaf parents; a daughter, a graduate of Vassar, was chosen Superintendent of the School in a neighboring state recently. One is at the head of a State Department of Sociology. I read a day or two ago of the death of the distinguished Dean of the History Department of Yale University, and recalled that he was the grandson of the first deaf teacher of the deaf at Hartford, the first permanent school for their education in America; two are Professors at Dartmouth. These are names taken from the education field, there are many in the field of law; medicine, the ministry, and in public life, and just by way of variety, I will add that the captain of the conquering Navy football team, two or three years ago, was a grandson of a graduate of the Kentucky School.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute.*

WARNING TO DEAF DRIVERS

The following article from *The Frat* bears a very timely warning to all deaf auto drivers whether members of The Frat or not.

A moment's lack of caution in crossing railroad tracks brought death to three of our members within the past month, and in one case to his wife and son as well; also deep sorrow to their relatives and friends. Two of these accidents were due to failure to properly observe the rules of safe driving of automobiles—the stop that should always be made before crossing tracks—the other was probably a case of walking the tracks. The society will of course pay the claims in connection with each—the track-walking clause was taken from our laws at Denver, on the argument that (1) it is a form of suicide and (2) that a refusal to pay in such cases of death wrongly penalized the beneficiary for the act of the members. This is the right view in such case, but what of the others? With so much opposition to the driving of automobiles by the deaf so much disinclination on the part of automobile and accident insurance companies to grant us insurance, the loss in such cases become something the entire class has to meet. Few as they are, these accidents are given more notice in the papers, the deafness of the victims is emphasized and the public is prone to conclude that deaf men should not be driving cars anyway—and will ask why they are allowed to do so. We know the great majority of our people who drive cars are careful, are fine drivers—we have proved it many a time

and convinced many a doubting official—but when a newspaper gives extra space to happenings like these and emphasizes for deafness of the driver, much of the good work that has been accomplished in removing opposition to our right to drive is undone—and by our own people. It can and must be seen how the deaf are thus injuring their own cause—every careless driver among us is not only a menace to the safety of himself and others, but is putting the pleasure, convenience and business of thousands of his fellows in jeopardy. Imagine these accidents happening at Denver during our Convention, when some two hundred of the deaf were driving their cars in the city and vicinity. What would have been the result—what would the papers have said and the authorities have done? The class would pay—would be penalized for the lack of caution of two individuals. We want each of our divisions to have this given special attention at their next meeting during Good of the Order, and in vigorous language. It is a serious condition.

We also wish those of our members who are not able to attend their division's meeting to take to heart all we have said here—in fact, we want every Frat member who drives a car to remember that he not only has the lives of himself, and his passengers in his care, but the property and rights of many others in his hands, when he is at the wheel!"—*The Canadian.*

JAMES A. FROUNFELTER DEAD

James A. Frounfelter, well-known deaf man at Frankfort, was found dead in his home Sunday, December 11. He lived alone and as the neighbors had not seen him for a couple of days two of them investigated and found him dead. The coroner's examination showed he had been dead some time, probably since early Saturday morning, death resulting from heart trouble.

He was born March 9, 1854, and entered school here in 1865, and graduated in 1875. He was a student of exemplary habits, quiet, unassuming and industrious. He learned the trade of shoemaking which he pursued for a living for a number of years. His parents were early residents of Frankfort. He lived with his mother for years, doing odd jobs of house cleaning and carpentering about the city and was well known in Frankfort. After his mother's death he lived alone and continued his work. He had saved or thought he had saved quite a sum of money which, by will, he left to the Home for the Deaf. He had invested in thousands of dollars worth of stocks and other "securities," most, if not all, of which are worthless. The "blue sky" salesmen, it seems, had found him an easy victim. It is estimated that he had invested as much as \$25,000 for such stocks and that the face value of these is more than \$70,000. And this Jimmy Frounfelter thought he was leaving to The Home, having denied himself much and lived in squalor to do so, and was cheated out of his desire and intent by "blue sky" salesmen who had learned that he was an easy mark.

The estate will be administered by the Coroner of Clinton county, and after paying funeral expenses and for markers

at his grave and that of his mother, the remainder, if any will go to the Home.

The funeral was conducted Tuesday, Dec. 13, at Frankfort, by the Rev. Tedford of the Baptist church and burial was made at Green Lawn cemetery by the side of his mother. Several deaf from here went to the funeral and others from Frankfort and vicinity attended. From the school, Mr. and Mrs. Pittenger, who knew Frounfelter when they lived in Frankfort, Mr. Jutt, an old time friend, and Miss Green attended, the last named acting as interpreter for the deaf. The pallbearers were Chas. E. Steinwender, Chester Clappitt, E. Daily, Ivin Lynch, William Mikesell and Mr. August Jutt.

When the association of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf was organized and incorporated under the laws of Indiana he was elected as one of its eleven directors. He served as such until October 14, 1927, when, on account of his physical infirmity, he retired from the Board of Directors.—*The Silent Hoosier.*

DEAF MACHINISTS ARE MAKING GOOD

Several of the schools for the deaf are adding automobile mechanics to their vocational department. This is a very commendable step.

The deaf have shown themselves very efficient machinists in various kinds of shops. Here in Knoxville we have had several.

Three decades ago our school had a boy named Alex Barth, who liked to use tools. He was always spending his spare time making something. When he was about eighteen years old he made a bicycle, which he and other boys rode around town and out into the country on Saturdays. This was not made of parts of old bicycles, but every part of it, except the balls for the bearings, was made entirely by him. He had a friend who owned a blacksmith and machine shop, and through the kindness of his friend he was permitted to make the frame, gears, cranks, spokes, etc., and fit them together. The tires were made of garden hose, which was split and fastened over the rims of the wheels with screws. The boy did not have the money for pneumatic tires.

When this boy finished school he secured employment in the Biddle Cycle Works, where he made an automobile—the first one to be owned by a resident of Knoxville.

In this shop was another deaf machinist, George Sanders, who was Barth's schoolmate. He and Barth were the pride of the works and were given a section of the shop to be used exclusively by themselves. It had a lathe of ample proportions, a forge, and all necessary tools. In it was built this first automobile.

Alex Barth and George Sanders have both been dead some twenty years, but there have been other deaf machinists in various shops in Knoxville since then.

Mr. W. B. Watson, a product of our school, has been working in the Coster shops of the Southern Railway Company for many years and has built up a very enviable reputation for ability, ingenuity and general efficiency. When work is slack and men are laid off, Mr. Watson

is always retained. He has a part in repairing big locomotives for that company, and he is familiar with the various types of engines, knows how fast they go, what load they pull, how much coal they require for a given distance, steam pressure, etc.

Then, Mr. Watson's son Carl, a lad of eighteen, who left school a year ago, is in the same shop with his father. The company gives him instruction, with other young men, at certain periods each day. He is making good and receives an increase in wages every six months.

Another machinist in town is Mr. Henry W. Swinney, who is with the Fulton Company. They make large machines, such as steam shovels. Mr. Swinney has been with this company a long time and is well liked by all his fellow-workmen.—*Silent Observer.*

DOCTOR WARNS AGAINST FAKE CURES FOR DEAFNESS

Chronic defects in hearing may be produced by a variety of changes in the organ of hearing. An individual may be born with a defect or it may be acquired through diseases of the ear.

One who is born with a defect in hearing has this because of some developmental anomaly and in most of these because the process cannot be influenced by treatment.

In order that one may be able to hear two mechanisms must be functioning. In the first place, sound impulses from the outer ear must be taken up and conducted to the endings of the auditory nerve in the internal ear. In the second place, in order to hear, it is necessary that this nerve be functioning.

Defects in the hearing, therefore, can be produced in only two ways.

The first is through interference with the conduction of sound waves originating in the outer ear on their way to the nerve of hearing, and secondly, some alteration in the nerve which renders it incapable of responding to impulses.

The only cases of deafness which we are able to influence by treatment are those where the cause lies in some obstruction to sound impulses, for when the nerve of hearing itself is involved there is no successful treatment.

Childhood is the most precarious period of all. Conditions develop which destroy the nerve of hearing or which interfere with the sound waves reaching the nerve, namely, conduction deafness.

The latter conduction frequently result from alterations which are temporary and produce a defect in the hearing from which the patient recovers.

Acute infections which involve the ear usually run their course without leaving permanent impairment.

The most common childhood condition affecting the hearing is produced by enlargement of the adenoids, which we term catarrh of the tube, because of the swelling and closing of the Eustachian tube.

This is rarely the cause for permanent impairment of hearing. Many adult persons owe their defects to disasters in childhood, but such defects are rarely progressive in character. The injury left in childhood usually remains throughout life with little alteration.

The progressive forms of deafness, which develop in adult life are dependent in their development upon hereditary pre-disposition. The condition which could properly be termed chronic, progressive deafness, is with few exceptions, a disease of adult life and in the early stages produces its defect in hearing through an obstruction to sound conduction.

It is a condition independent of the various types of childhood trouble and has nothing to do with nose or throat disease. These cases of chronic progressive deafness, are not influenced by local treatment applied either to the ears or the nose or throat but are often influenced by conditions of general health. Such treatments consist at times of elaborate mechanical devices, developed by manufacturers who do not appreciate that the treating of such cases cannot be expected to influence the hearing, because the changes are permanent, degenerative changes. It would be just as logical to treat a hand that has been amputated as it would be to influence by local mechanical measures a defect in the hearing in these patients.—*C. E. Shambaugh, M. D., Chicago Herald-Examiner.*

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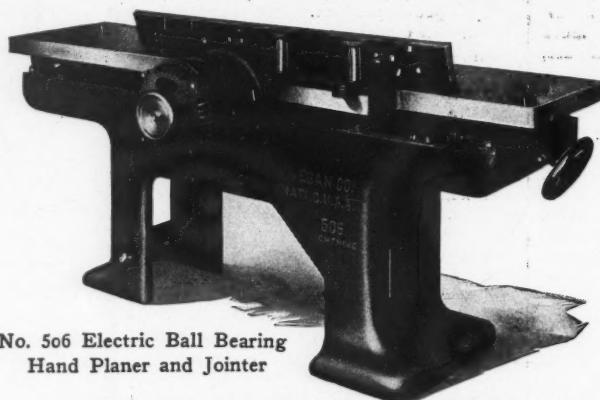
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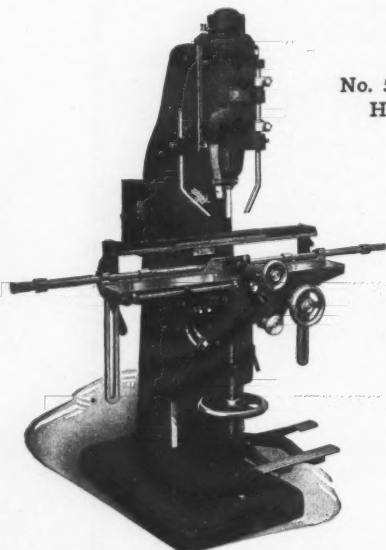
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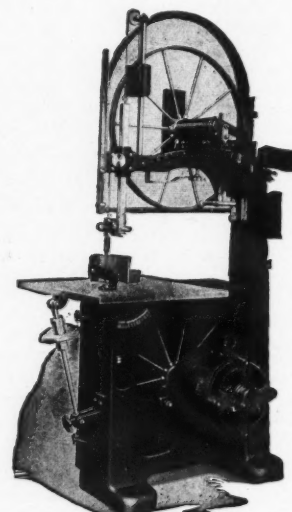
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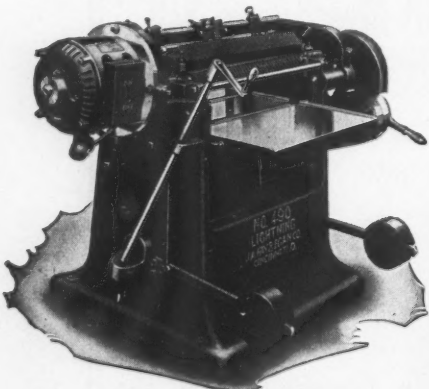
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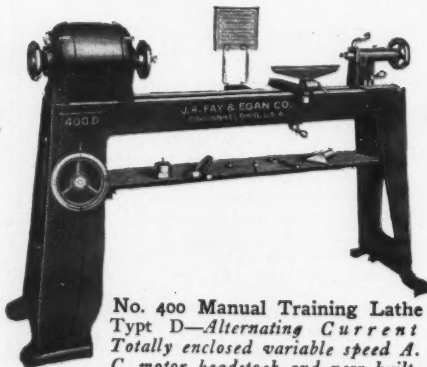
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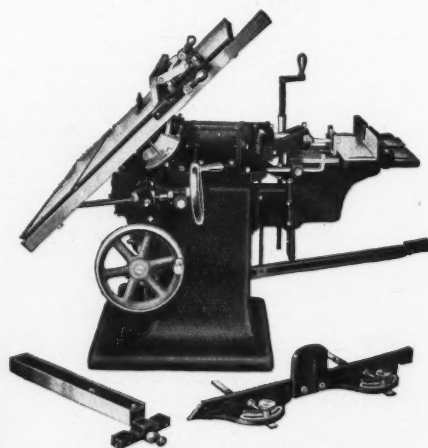
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From darkest depths of earth, unprobed by
man,
Spring forth, and cheer our souls, as thus we
scan
The mighty works, which Nature to prevail
Hath showered o'er us, fiercest storm and hail.
Come, spread your crystal bells abroad and
fan
Our souls to catch the beauty of Life's plan;
Awake within the power which ne'er can fail,
Grant us a vision of bright days to be
When summer suns gleam over hill and dale;
Welcome! first flower of Spring, welcome to
thee!
Foremost of all, though tender yet and frail,
Bloom on, in thy majestic purity,
Inspire us with true joy, none can assail.

Author Unknown